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LADIES' JOURNAL

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TORONTO, JUNE, 1884.

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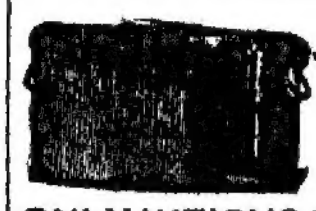

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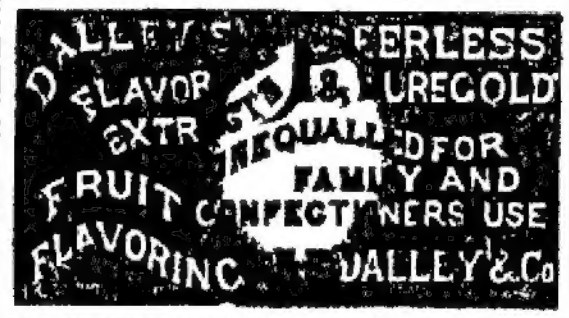

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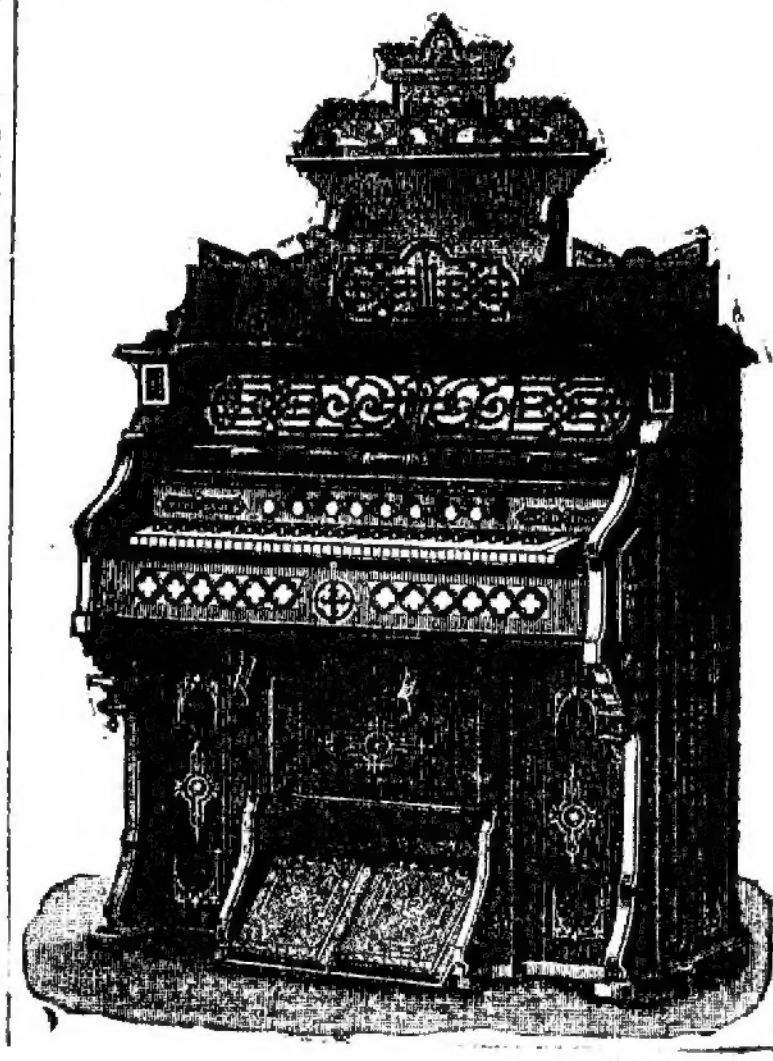

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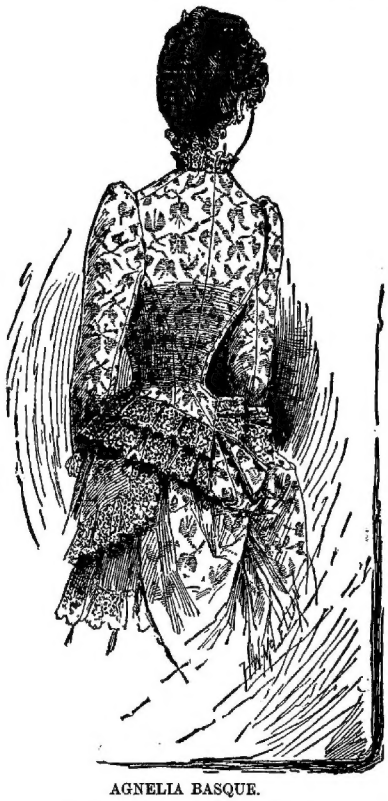


AGNELIA BASQUE.

An extremely dressy and jaunty basque, made in flowered bunting, with a pale gray ground and the flowers in light pink and blue, to complete a costume made in the same material and trimmed with "Kursheedt's Standard" Oriental lace. The arrangement of the lace on the front and sides gives a very stylish effect, and will increase its popularity for dressy materials. A Moliere plastron of pale blue surah is gathered at the neck and extends to the waist line, where it is confined by a Rhino-stone buckle, and the close-fitting sleeves are gathered full and high and trimmed with lace to match the garniture on the front and sides of the basque. It is a model that may be appropriately combined with either long or short skirts, and with all styles of drapery. It may be stylishly used to complete a costume made of summer silk, grenadine, pongee, nun's veiling, albatross cloth, satine, nainsook or lawn. When made in washable fabrics, washable laces or embroidery should be used for trimming. The front view of this basque is shown on Fig. 2 of the illustration of "Summer Dresses." Price of basque patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

STYLISH COSTUMES.

Fig. 1.—Bison cloth, with the ground about the color of an army blanket, and about as rough and coarse in texture, and the pattern in a faded red tint, is the material of which this stylish costume is composed, in combination with garnet velvet which forms the plaits on the front and back of the basque, the cuffs, collar, and a broad band on the bottom of the skirt below the tucks. The skirt, "the Richmond," is arranged with a deep, box-plaited flounce attached to a yoke, and the drapery is essentially graceful, consisting of a deep apron in front, and long and moderately bouffant drapery at the back. The "Grantham" basque is slightly shorter in the back than in front, and has a plait in the back matching the one in front. A velvet belt encircles the waist and is fastened in pointed shape in front with a silver buckle, an agraffe of the same material securing the collar. Hat of English straw in the natural color trimmed with garnet velvet and a fancy feather in which red, yellow and blue are combined. Parasol of dark red satin; *Suede* gloves. Price of skirt pattern, thirty cents. Basque patterns, twenty; five cents each size.

Fig. 2.—A miss's costume, the "Ditta, made of fine satine with a pale gray ground and the pattern in pink and light blue, trimmed with white embroidery. The skirt has a deep, box-plaited flounce, the drapery is the same back and front, and the draped apron is full at the top. The trimming on the jacket is arranged to represent two vests opening over a Moliere front, and the back is in plaits. The Moliere front is of pale blue satine. The pattern is in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years. Price twenty-five cents each.

THE BEAUTIFUL LADY GLADYS.

CHAPTER IV.

Nearly all the skaters had gone home, the band had departed, and the lake lay cold and gray beneath the moon. Dollie and Captain North, after skating for a little, had sat down on the boat near which the bonfire had been kindled, and were chatting merrily in the ruddy blaze. Captain North was fast forsaking his allegiance to the languid beauty Lady Gladys, who received his love-speeches with such calm indifference, and was rapidly falling in love with his bright, merry little companion, who presented such a contrast to the late queen of his affections—the difference between a red camelia and a violet, he thought; and the comparison was not inapt. Lady Gladys would perhaps love more passionately, but Dollie's love would be more sweet, more unselfish—would shed a gentler light over her husband's home. When the bonfire had smouldered away to ashes, they got out of the boat with some difficulty, and Captain North cautiously clambered down the bank on to the ice. The moon had gone behind a cloud, and it was quite dark.

"Jump down, Miss Dollie; I'll catch you," he said, as she hesitated on the bank above him. "Daren't you trust yourself to me?"

But she still hovered above him remembering the little scene with Sir Vivian.

"I dare not. The bank is so high, and I shall come down with such force that I shall be sure to knock you down and hurt you. I will jump alone."

And, suiting the action to the word, she jumped down without further delay, and landed herself in a heap of snow.

"That is all right," cried Dollie laughing. "You see I have not hurt anybody."

"I should not have cared if you had," he replied, without laughing in the least. "Will you allow me to help you up?"

Dollie consented; and shaking herself like a Newfoundland, she skated off with him, inwardly grateful that the darkness covered her appearance from the eyes of her neat well-dressed companion. Suddenly the moon came from beyond a cloud, revealing to Dollie's horrified eyes the dark island with its waving trees and the board with its ghastly white letters in front of them.

"Come back!" whispered Dollie so frightened that she could not speak any louder.

The bonfire had been lighted at the limit of sound ice, and they had gone some distance past it, mistaking their way in the darkness. Before they could turn, the ice cracked with a sound which neither of them ever forgot, broke beneath them, and the next moment they had disappeared. Dollie rose first, and chilled and numbed, unable to think or to cry out; she was just being sucked under the ice when her dress was caught by a firm piece, and she swung by its resistance slowly round. With the instinct of self-preservation, she threw one arm round the ice, opened her eyes and gasped for breath. Captain North was drifting helplessly towards her, shouting loudly for help.

"Thank Heaven!" he said faintly, as he caught sight of Dollie. "Hold on: you will be saved. They are coming!"

He floated on without touching her, and had almost disappeared under the ice when Dollie, for the first time realising the state of the case, threw one arm round his neck as he passed by her side. The ice bent beneath the added weight, but held for a moment, during which Captain North attempted to disengage himself from her hand. But Dollie held on resolutely, feeling already half-dead with cold. A horrible buzzing sounded in her ears, which seemed to increase as the water eddied round them.

"I wonder how fishes live in the winter?" she thought stupidly. "It must be very cold for them. May Heaven forgive our sins if we die now!"

Then the wailing scream of a woman in great agony was echoed between the hills and died away in the darkness.

"Hold on, Dollie—hold on. I am coming!" shouted a man's voice; and a dark figure crept slowly towards them.

Dollie smiled faintly. He had come to save her; she would not die this time. Once again the ice gave way, and Dollie and Captain North sank together. At that moment Sir Vivian reached the spot. Plunging into the black eddying pool where they had disappearcd, he succeeded in grasping Dollie. Even then he noted how her arm was twined round Captain North's neck. Without losing an instant, he fastened a rope round the Captain's waist, took Dollie in his arms, and, with all his strength, struck out for the surface, which he just reached, and was sinking back again, whed Charlie Murdoch seized him by the collar and, with the help of one of the servants, drew the three carefully into the boat, which they had managed to get off the bank only just in time, for Sir Vivian was pretty well exhausted.

They rowed them in slowly to the bank, where Bell and Laday Glady's stood awaiting them in helpless terror. After lifting them out on the grass, the servant ran off to the house for assistance, and the living and the dead were left together in a silence only broken by the moaning wind and poor Bell's bitter sobs. The moon looked down serenely on the scene—the quiet lake, the waving trees, the boat, the broken ice, the black water; serenely calm, it threw its silvery light over the sad little group on the snowy bank, on weeping Bell bending over Dollie's peaceful face, with its closed eyes and the smile on her lips with which she had greeted Sir Vivian's approach; over beautiful Lady Gladys, as she laid her old lover's head upon her breast and kissed him with that remorseful love and sorrow—deep down in her heart feeling bitterly glad that at least now he was hers, and no woman had a right to take him from her arms. Charlie Murdoch stood by Dollie's side gazing sorrowfully down at her.

"Let me hold your sister," he said pleadingly to Bell, trying vainly to steady his voice.

Bell raised a tear-marred face to him, half inclined to refuse his request; but, meeting his eyes, guessed the great sorrow, so far exceeding hers, which he was enduring, and, womanlike, denied herself her right that his grief might be lessened.

"Yes."

Charlie looked at her gratefully through the great tears which dimmed his eyes, but could find no voice to thank her, as she laid the curly brown head against his knee. Then a cloud passed over the moon, darkening her cold unfeeling light, and he was alone with his dead love, the darkness covering them like a curtain.

"Oh, my darling," he whispered, bending over her in passionate grief, "Heaven knows how willingly I would have died for you, or with you, my little love!"—and he stifled a great choking sob in his throat as he took up the little hands lying so listlessly on the snow, placed them in her lap, and smoothed back the wet curls from her forehead.

He had never realized how much he had loved his merry little friend until he had seen her lying in the boat, cold, white and still, the pretty eyes closed, and the laughing mouth silent for ever. How pale she looked, how quiet! Who would think that ten minutes ago she was glowing with life and health, and her merry laugh ringing from this very spot on which she was now lying cold and dead?

"Why was I not with her? Why did I not watch over her better?" he groaned, inwardly anathematising the jealous pride which had kept him from her side all that afternoon. "Oh, Dollie, my love my darling, what shall I do without you?"—and the hot bitter tears of a man's agony fell down upon her upturned, serene, lovely face, from which all the roses and dimples had disappeared.

He felt her pulse, but his own hands were so numb that they were almost devoid of feeling; he bent his face to the red mouth seeking for some sign of life; but no breath came from the placid lips. He sat there in speechless sorrow, until the litters came to bear them to the house, and then he placed her on one, tenderly placing her head on the soft rugs. Was it his fancy, or did her eyelids quiver? Presently her eyes opened, and gazed unsecingly into his.

"Thank Heaven," said Charlie solemnly, "she lives!"

Yes, they lived, all of them, after long anxious days, in which they fought with Death for their lives inch by inch, and conquered him at last through their healthy constitutions and the loving care of their nurses, Lady Gladys, Bell, Miss Maclaren, and Mrs. Vane, who had been telegraphed for on that first dreadful night, when Dollie had been so close to death that they thought, as they watched her, every faintly-drawn breath would have been her last. The doctor had pronounced them out of danger. Sir Vivian would probably be confined to his room longer than any of them, though at first Dollie's had been the most dangerous case.

Unconscious of this bud of love which was opening so sweetly for him to gather, Sir Vivian lay in an adjacent room, tortured with jealous thoughts and fancies; the time Dollie had stayed with Captain North on the lake, and the pretty blush with which she had always heard his name mentioned were ever rising up before him; and he determined that, once certain that Dollie cared for the handsome officer, he would not stand in the way of her happiness, whatever he might suffer himself. The knowledge of his unfortunate love should not dim her bright future. But he would be quite sure before he gave up all hope of winning the bright little maiden for his wife.

Captain North was the first to recover. Very gratefully he thought of the little hand which had been stretched forth to save him from certain death; and he felt more in love with Dollie than ever he had been before.

Charlie Murdoch and Frank Travers had been constantly at the Hall since the accident; and Bell had grown to look forward to the loving sympathy and tender words of Frank during the anxious days when Dollie hung between life and death. And the next time he pressed his suit upon her, she, hiding her face upon his shoulder, told him falteringly that she would have accepted his offer only she thought he cared for some one else better.

"And does he care for you?" asked Frank, with a bitter pain in his heart, trying to speak quietly.

Bell, still hiding her face, blushed scarlet with shame, and was silent, Frank looked down at half a crimson cheek and a little scarlet ear, which was all that was visible.

"My darling," he said hurriedly, "the state of the case breaking in on him, "do not distress yourself so much. I honor you for what you have told me more than I can say. I love you dearly for your sincerity; and"—lifting up the blushing face between his two brown hands and looking lovingly at the downcast eyes—"dear, will you let me try to make you love me?"

"Don't, Frank," answered Bell, averting her crimson face.

He let her go, and she hid her face again on his shoulder.

"I shall never be able to look at you again!"—piteously.

"You may stay there as long as you like," he replied obligingly, stealthily caressing the golden head. "Promise me that you will wait a little before finally deciding; and believe me"—earnestly—"whatever happens, I shall always be your friend."

"How kind you always are to me, Frank! I will never forget it," she whispered shyly.

"I hope not. I will come every day to see you and refresh your memory. Good-bye, dear! I must go now; it is getting late."

In another moment he was gone; and she watched him from the window ride away down the avenue. Had she promised him that she would wait? She could not tell. Anyhow, he had taken it for granted; and Bell ran up to Dollie's room with a light heart.

Captain North was the first to be brought down and be deposited carefully in the little warm drawing-room which had been especially prepared for the invalids. Bell was up-stairs in Dollie's room with her mother and aunt. Sir Vivian was asleep. So the care of the of the convalescent patient devolved upon Lady Gladys. She was not at all displeased by the change in his affections, and was quite content to be his *confidante* encouraging him to talk about Dollie and her many charms in a maternal way which became her wonderfully.

"Yes, it was very brave of her," she said, in answer to a warm econium on Dollie's courage; "but still, you know, I do not believe she would do it for every one."

"What do you mean?" he asked faintly—he was still rather weak after his illness.

"I mean that she must have liked you, or she would not have done it."

"Do you think that she really likes me—that she is not flirting?"

"I thought you were so fond of flirting"—maliciously.

"I am not"—smiling—"but is Miss Vane, do you think?"

"No, she is too young and too innocent yet. I dare say she will acquire the habit in time."

"I hope not," he rejoined earnestly. "After all, what a contemptible way of passing the time it is—pretending to adore a person about whom you do not care a straw!"

Lady Gladys laughed at his vehemence. It was certainly a new doctrine from his lips.

"I am glad you have at last awakened to the error of your ways. I wish you as much success in true love affairs as in flirting. But you are exciting yourself. I cannot have you talking so much. I will read to you for a while."

Selecting a volume of Browning's works, she sat down in an easy-chair by his side and began to read aloud "Beautiful Evelyn Hope"—her favorite poem.

Captain North watched her beautiful face with pleased drowsy eyes. Though he did not love her, it was pleasant to be nursed by such a woman. She read on until she came to the lines, "He creates the love to reward the love. I claim you still for my own sake;" and she paused a little.

"Is that true?" he wondered half asleep. "If I love Dollie, will she be obliged to like me. 'But to be loved makes not to be loved again.' Where is that from, I wonder? They can't both be right, anyhow. I will ask her soon and see which is right;" and lulled by the warmth and the sweet scent of the purple and white hyacinths in the window he fell asleep peacefully.

Lady Gladys let the book fall into her lap and pursued her own meditations undisturbed.

"How can Vivian care for that child after having loved me?" She thought bitterly. "She is not worthy of him; she cannot love him as he deserves. I would rather he had died in my arms that night than see him married to her. What has she done that she should be blest with his love! My king of men! Bravest—truest!"—her dark eyes glowing. "She shall not have him while I live, I swear!"—and she raised her white hand in solemn asseveration. "Oh, fool that I have been to cast him from me! Vivian, my love, my dearest!"

By-and-by, wearied out with her sorrow and remorse, she too fell fast asleep by the fire; and the firelight danced lovingly over the perfect lines of her graceful figure, glinting on her bronzed hair, lighting up the diamond sparkles in her ears, flickering over her round arms and sloping shoulders to the slender waist and tiny high-heeled shoe, and over the beautiful face, revealing the bright tears which hung on her eyelashes, and the drooping curves of the mouth, which still trembled in her sleep. She lay there peacefully, free for once from her jealousy and love.

It was her own fault. There was no excuse for her. She had married a man for his riches, jilting Vivian, who had then nothing much beside his love to offer her. And now retribution had overtaken her—she was free, and he no longer cared to marry her.

One evening they were all in the drawing-room after dinner, Miss MacLaren and her sister chatting over the fire; Bell, Frank Travers, Dollie, Captain North, and Charlie Murdoch, clustering round the piano, trying to render with their united vocal powers "Drink, Puppy, Drink," a song which Charlie had brought for their edification that afternoon. Lady Gladys sat by Sir Vivian's side—he was still confined to the sofa—apparently absorbed in knitting a black-silk sock, but really watching intently his uneasy looks at the merry group by the piano. Sir Vivian was still on the rack of jealousy and doubt; he fancied Dollie had avoided him of late, answered him shortly and coldly when he spoke to her, and never addressed him voluntarily after the first time when she had found him alone in the drawing-room, and, going up to him, had thanked him, stiffly as he thought, for having saved her life.

"I was not afraid," she had said shyly, "when I saw you coming."

Sir Vivian raised himself on his elbow and looked keenly into her blushing downcast face; but Dollie said no more, abashed by his scrutiny; and he fell back among his cushions with a weary sigh.

"Shall I put your pillows higher?"

"Thank you,"—gratefully.

Dollie advanced and laid hold of the pillow on which he was lying.

"What am I to do with it?" she thought, half inclined to laugh. "I can't pull it from under his head." She gave a gentle tug. He groaned as if in pain. "What nonsense!" thought Dolly wrathfully. "It could not have hurt him."

Acting on this belief, she gave it another pull, rather harder.

"Miss Dollie," he said, in an odd choking sort of voice—had it really hurt him after all, or was he, could he, be laughing?—"I think if you were to lift me head with one hand, you would be able to do it better."

Dollie opened her eyes to their fullest extent; she certainly had not bargained for this. His eyes unclosed; Dollie started and blushed.

"Do you want the tongs?" in a reproachful voice.

"I? No! I thought—I only—you might—mamma does;" and Dollie stopped, in utter confusion.

"Come here," he said gently. Dollie obeyed. "Put your arm under my head." She put a trembling white arm under his head. "Now raise the pillow." She completed her task. "Are you afraid of me?"—looking into her face as she bent over him.

She was silent. He did not ask her again, and she went away and sat down by the window.

"That is the way she held North," he thought half sadly, half triumphantly; but I made her, and she did it to him of her own accord." He had never been told the way in which Dollie had preserved Captain North's life, for she had made them all promise never to talk about it again.

The group at the piano had broken up, Frank and Bell had gone into the conservatory, Captain North and Dollie were looking at the moon out of the deep bayed window, and Charlie had thrown himself into a distant chair, from which he could watch the pair, an occupation which, to judge by his gloomy face was not very enjoyable.

Poor Charlie! Perhaps, of all of Dollie's lovers, he was the most to be pitied; he was too young to have any chance against the two men of the world who were his rivals, and almost from the beginning he knew that his love was hopeless. In time, no doubt, he would get over it; but meanwhile he existed only in her presence, counted the minutes until he met her again, thrilled with delight if she touched him accidentally. He had watched beneath her window all through the long nights when she had been so ill, fearing every shadow that flitted over the pane was the doctor, a friend of his, whom he had implored to come and tell him when she was dying. And Dollie never knew, nor guessed; and Bell had been so absorbed by nursing and engaged with her own tangled web of life that she had forgotten the pathetic misery on his face which she had seen on the night of the accident.

Unable any longer to bear the sight of the two whispering together, Charlie Murdoch went up to them and joined in their conversation, to the disgust of Captain North and the delight of Dollie, who liked the curly-haired soldier very much.

"What courage that young man has!" remarked Lady Gladys with a low laugh.

"Why?" asked Sir Vivian, affecting to misunderstand her, adding irritably, "he may be as brave as a lion; I dare say he is: but I do not see how he has shown it this evening."

"Ah, Poor Vivian, I had forgoten!"

"Forgotten what?"—still more irritably, "I am afraid I am rather more than usually dense tonight; but you certainly are talking riddles to me."

She bent over her knitting, which had got into an unaccountable tangle, and was silent.

"I am afraid I am very rude," he said more gently; "but you would forgive me if you only knew how much I love her."

Lady Gladys winced, and her color deepened.

"I cannot endure this suspense much longer, it is wearing my life away. If I only knew for certain, I might be able to bear it better; but I dare not ask her, and so end all my happiness at once by one blow. Has she ever spoken to you about me? Do you know whether she likes me or not?" he asked eagerly.

The knitting dropped from her hands, and she was silent, while the temptation to snatch him from Dollie for ever raged within her breast. She was physically unable to speak; and Sir Vivian, mistaking her silence for pitiful compassion, turned away his head with a deep sigh. It was too true then, Dollie did not love him, and most likely had told Lady Gladys so; and she was too kind-hearted to tell him the truth; and, grateful for her sympathy, he turned round again, and taking her brown hand in his, he kissed them gently.

"Thank you for your kindness you have been a friend to me."

Lady Gladys drew away her hands away quietly.

"A true friend indeed!" she thought bitterly, hating herself for her treachery, and yet too weak to rectify his error

"Tell me"—looking straight at her with miserable despairing eyes, which seemed to pierce like daggers into her heart—"do you think she would ever learn to care for me a little?"

"No," said Lady Gladys distinctly, with the pallor of death on her beautiful face; "she loves Captain North; she told me so."

CHAPTER V.

Another week had elapsed; they were still staying on at Edgbaston Hall, for Sir Vivian would not hear of the departure of any of his guests. One bright afternoon Charlie Murdoch, who had dropped in as usual, was strolling with Dollie up and down the terrace in the warm spring sunshine. Before them were Lady Gladys and Sir Vivian engaged in earnest talk; they all stopped when they reached the end of the walk, and leaning over the mossy stone balustrade, gazed over the lake lying so peacefully in the sunshine, at the green hills, and, far away in the distance, the white spires and towers of the city. It was a beautiful warm day, tempting the crocuses to lift their purple and golden heads above the brown earth, and deluding the little buds on the trees into unfolding their tiny green leaves, and then treacherously nipping them off with a sharp frost in the night.

"Will you come down to the lake?" asked Dollie, when the beauties of Nature had began to pall upon her.

Charlie Murdoch assented gladly, and leaving Sir Vivian and Lady Gladys by themselves, they went down the steps into the quaint old-fashioned garden, taking the path which led down to the water. Sir Vivian watched them till they were out of sight, then he turned to Lady Gladys.

"Where is North to-day?"

"He has gone to Edinburgh to see a jeweller."

"Has he?"—and Sir Vivian plunged into a fit of abstraction, from which his companion did not rouse him. "It is getting rather cold for you out here," he said at last. "We had better go in."

Dollie and Charlie walked along the bank until they reached the island, and stood once more beside the boat which had seen them in such different guise.

"How did you get it off the bank?" It must have been very heavy," said Dollie curiously.

"I hardly know: you see we managed it somehow," he replied with an effort. He did not like the memories of that night to be talked about.

"How did you know that we had fallen in?" pursued Dollie determined to investigate the subject thoroughly.

"Bramhall and I had started to look for you, and just then we heard North shouting for help. We skated as hard as we could before the wind in the direction of the cry. It was a good way to go, you know—a quarter of a mile from one end to the other. There was no light. 'The ladder!' cried Bramhall. Luckily the moon came out then, and we found the ladder and pushed it towards the broken ice. Then I saw you; Bramhall climbed along it, while I held down the other end, watching you. Before he got to the end, you sank—good Heaven, I shall never forget it!—never!" shuddering. "I could not swim myself, and I did not know if Bramhall could or not; and then he disappeared, and the water seemed to have swallowed you all."

"Poor boy!" said Dollie pityingly. "I am so glad at all events you would have been sorry if I had died then."

"Sorry!" he repeated. "That is a poor word. I would rather have died with you, like North, than lived without you."

Then he stopped, putting a strong curb on his passion. Why should he give her the pain of refusing him? But Dollie had not heard his last words; she was sitting on the edge of the boat looking into the water.

"I am not quite sure," she said drearily at length, "that I do not wish I had been left in the lake."

Charlie stared at these sad words from the mouth of his merry little divinity.

"What are you saying? You do not know what you mean, Miss Dollie." And then, seeing the grief in her face, "What troubles you, dear? Will you not tell me as if I were your brother?"

She was touched by his tender words. But how could she tell him, a man, that she had thought Sir Vivian cared for her, and now he did not?

"I was only joking"—with a forced little smile. "What should be the matter with me?"

"What indeed?" thought Charlie. "She has everything a girl's heart could wish for—health, youth, beauty, and above all, a lover to whom she is attached. What could grieve her?" And, looking wistfully at her, he said earnestly—

"If ever you are in trouble, Dollie—may I not call you so?—I hope you will tell me; will you not?"

Dollie promised to do so.

"You do not seem to get well again very quickly," he said discontentedly, scrutinising her pale face. "Do you know that you have lost all your roses, that your face is thinner than it used to be, and your eyes are growing larger and darker every day, and altogether you are quite different?"

"Oh, never mind me!" said Dollie pettishly. "How would you like me to stare at you and find out all your faults?"

Charlie looked away, rather hurt. She was changed indeed! The old Dollie had never been like that. After a little pause, she rose, and they both walked homewards in silence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COLOURS IN DRESS.

Nothing is so economical as handsome black, in spite of the first cost, since it may be turned and re-turned and made over and over again so long as it holds together, and Mrs. Grundy's sharp eyes may fail to recognise it after each transformation. On the other hand, a coloured dress in any positive shade becomes marked after it has been worn two or three times, and however carefully combined or converted into a new costume it is sure to be "shadowed" throughout its existence. Black, however, unless worn as mourning, is appropriate only for matrons and ladies who have passed the first blush. White, especially diaphanous white, is universally becoming when softened by lace and trimmed with bows and rosettes in coloured ribbon, is the pretty fashion now popular. Pole blue is becoming to blondes and brunettes with clear complexions, since it has a tendency to darken the shadows. Pale pink and bright pink suit olive complexions and hair of dark, reddish brown tint. Yellow has a tendency to make the skin look fair; many reds will lend it a positively greenish hue; mauve gives it a yellow tint, and light green can be worn only by women with a perfect complexion. Indeed, the only way to tell whether a colour is becoming is to hold abreadth of it about the head and neck, or if this is not practicable, throw it about the shoulders close to the face.

MYRTILLA HOUSE DRESS.

Among the many new designs the "Myrtilla House Dress" is especially stylish and attractive. It is illustrated as being made in satine, with pale pink flowers strewn on a light blue ground. The plaiting on the lower edge of the skirt and the Moliere plastron and cuffs are of plain satine a little darker in color than the ground of the dress. She shape is a tight-fitting princess dress with two darts in each front in the usual places and one under each arm, side forms rounding to the armholes, and the back pieces cut short with the necessary length furnished by a full breadth sewed to them. Florentine lace is arranged in yoke shape in the back and front, and also on the cuffs, and a sash of Ottoman faced blue velvet ribbon is sewed in the side darts, and tied in a bow below the plastron, giving a dressy effect. For white or washable goods, the yolk is extremely pretty made of "Kursheedt's Standard" cluster or lace tuckings, and while the design is particularly adapted for varieties of light summer materials it is also suitable for woollen goods, and can be made up in any of the heavier fabrics that are used for house dresses. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

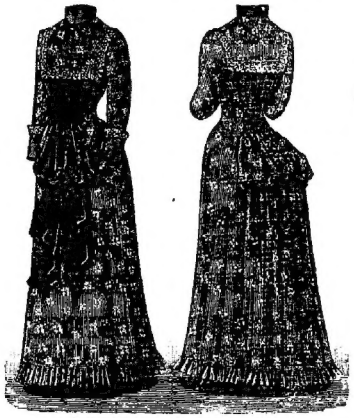
OUR ENGRAVINGS.

The designs and illustrations of this department are from the celebrated house of Mme. Demorest, the acknowledged representative of Fashions in Europe and America. This house has always received the first premium at all the Expositions, and is the recipient of the only award over all competitors for patterns of Fashions, at the Centennial and Paris Expositions. Paris, London and New York.

SUMMER DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—The "Sybil" waist and "Lonetta" skirt combined make this an attractive costume, which is especially devised for, and is unusually becoming to, young misses with slender figures. Cream-colored nun's veiling is used to make the skirt and waist and the garniture is flat Valenciennes lace, while the corselet, collar, cuffs and bows at the side are of ruby velvet. The skirt is trimmed with three gathered flounces, the upper and lower ones being of the material and the middle one of lace. The drapery is original and graceful. The apron is trimmed with lace to correspond with the skirt and is looped high on the right side, while the back is bouffant at the top and falls in irregular points below. The quaint and stylish waist is very attractive. The sleeves are in a modified bishop's shape, set in with a high effect at the shoulders and gathered into deep cuffs of ruby velvet. The velvet collar and corselet are bordered with flat Valenciennes lace, and the design is charming and particularly youthful. Grenadines, buntings, albatross woollens, and many different materials can be made in this way, and will be found extremely dressy and satisfactory. Skirt patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price twenty-five cents each. Waist patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price twenty cents each.

FIG. 2.—The "Lidona" skirt and "Agnelia" basque compose this handsome costume, which is made in embroidered nun's veiling, the dull pink buds being strewn over an *ecru* ground. The front of the basque is quite short and pointed, and a plastron of pale pink surah extends to the waist line, where it is secured by a handsome buckle. The fullness in the back is laid in plaits on the inside, and "Kursheedt's Standard" Oriental lace is placed down the front and across the skirt portion of the basque, giving a very dressy effect. The skirt is trimmed with gathered flounces edged with Oriental lace, and the front drapery is long and full, falling in cascades at the sides, while the back is moderately bouffant and very graceful. The drapery in the front and at the sides is bordered with Oriental lace, for which "Kursheedt's Standard," Spanish, or Chantilly lace can be substituted if desired. A bow of pink Ottoman ribbon arranged on the shoulder, and a bouquet of chrysanthemums placed on the left side of the basque make this costume charming and suitable for the most dressy occasions. Price of skirt pattern, thirty cents. Basque patterns, twenty-five cents each size.



MYRTILLA HOUSE DRESS.

An unusually attractive design for a house dress is here presented. It is a tight-fitting princess shape, with two darts in each front in the usual places and one under the arm, side forms rounding to the armholes, and the back pieces cut short with the necessary length furnished by a full breadth sewed to them. The trimming is arranged in yoke shape, both back and front, and below this in front is a "Moliere" plastron, and in the back a full piece shirred at the waist line and allowed to fall in a bouffant puff below. A sash sewed in the side darts and tied in a bow below the plastron imparts a dressy effect. Any class of dress goods usually selected for home wear, especially light fabrics, makes up becomingly after this model, with trimming to correspond. For white or washable fabrics, the yoke can be very effectively made of the "Kursheedt Standard" cluster or lace buckings. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

ANTONITA POLONAISE.

Extremely simple in construction yet very stylish in effect, this engraving shows a prettily draped polonaise with a "Moliere" plastron of contrasting material. It is tight-fitting, with two darts in each front in the usual places and one under the arm in place of a separate side gore. Light qualities of dress goods look particularly well made up in this manner although the design is suitable for almost any style of dress material. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

DRESSY LINGERIE.

No. 1.—A collar and Moliere plastron made in pale pink surah silk combined with flat Valenciennes lace. The collar has a standing frill of lace on the outside, while three rows of lace fall gracefully below. Ribbon of a delicately blue shade is arranged around the neck and tied in a dainty bow securing it in the back. The plastron is gathered at the top, and terminated at the waist with a jabot of lace, which, with a bow corresponding to that worn at the throat, completes the pretty *parure*, that with a costume of silk or velvet is suitable for the most dressy occasion. Any preferred colors may take the place of pink and blue. Price, $6.50.

No. 2.—A beautiful plastron and collar of flat Valenciennes lace. The collar is of blue satin in a plain round shape against which a plaiting of the lace is placed, the collar fastening in front. The plastron is a flat Valenciennes net, gathered and arranged on a crinoline foundation. On the right side are rosettes of blue satin ribbon, while the left side is finished with a jabot of lace which extends across the bottom below the waist. The ribbon may be of any color for which there is a preferred fancy. Price, $5.85.

No. 3.—A Moliere plastron in a bright red shade of surah silk contrasts beautifully with the Oriental lace which constitutes the finish at the lower end. The plastron is shirred at the top, and a ribbon of the same shade as the surah is passed around the neck and tied at the left side. The lower end of the plastron is shirred, and ornamented with two rows of Oriental lace. Any shade of silk that is considered becoming may be substituted. Price, $3.50.

No. 4.—For slender figures this is an effective and becoming collarette, having cuffs to match. Mechlin lace is used to make this *parure*, which is fit for the most ceremonious occasions. Black velvet ribbon is combined with the lace both in the collarette and cuffs, but any desired shade of ribbon or velvet may be selected. Price, $8.

No. 5.—A pretty arranged plastron in the Moliere style, of printed mull with a cream-tinted ground showing lovely pansies, which are most effective against the soft background of the mull. The collar is composed of two folds of mull with laced turned upward. The plastron is gathered both at the top and bottom, edged with Oriental lace, and looped at the right side, while lavender satin ribbon ornaments it at the throat and side. If any other ribbon is thought more becoming it may be substituted. Price, $4.85.

It is with some good qualities, as it is with the senses; they are incomprehensible and inconceivable to such as have them not.

Prejudices are most difficult to eradicate from the heart whose soul has never been loosened, or fertilized by education. They grow there firm as weeds among stones.

True glory consists in doing what deserves to be written; in writing what deserves to be read, and in so living as to make the world happier and better for one living in it.

Lace parasols, lined with colored Surah, and decorated with flowers and bows of ribbon, appear on umbrella counters.

He who sedulously attends, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has more to say, is in possession of some of the best requisites of man.

Honesty and courageous people have very little to say about either their courage or their honesty. The sun has no need to boast of his brightness or the moon of her effulgence.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

If a little salad oil is mixed with mustard or the table it is greatly improved.

Moth infested articles should be saturated in naphtha or benzine. It injures nothing, and kills the destroyer.

It soothes and cools a feverish patient to bathe him with warm water in which a little saleratus has been dissolved.

A Good Fever Drink.—Put a large spoonful of black currant jelly into a tumbler, and fill it up with boiling water. When cold, it is ready to drink.

If a bedstead creaks at each movement of the sleeper, remove the slats and wrap the end of each in old newspaper. This will prove a complete silencer.

Calisthenic exercises are calculated to cure deformities of the figure, especially of the chest, to invigorate the system, and conduce to elegant deportment and symmetry of form.

The best way of removing the stain of ice cream from a pale-blue silk-dress is to saturate it with perfectly pure cold water and to rub the edges of the mark made by the water with the flannel, so that it does not leave a stain.

One of the commonest mistakes made by parents is to ignore the fact that their children are growing up. They remain simply boys and girls to their fathers and mothers, while everybody else see plainly that they are already menaced by the dangers which beset the early maturity of life.

To Cook Hominy.—There are three sizes of hominy. Large hominy requires to be boiled from four to five hours over a gentle fire. It should be washed clean, and put in the stew pan with just enough water to cover it. It is eaten as a vegetable. To cook the smaller hominy, wash it in two waters, then to one teacupful of hominy add a quart of water and a teaspoonful of salt and place the dish that contains it in a kettle of boiling water to prevent it getting burnt, or else over a very gentle fire. Let it boil for an hour, stirring it well with a spoon. It is generally eaten for breakfast.

Home-made Stylographic Pen.—Take two ordinary steel pens of the same pattern, and insert them in the common holder. The inner pen will be the writing-pen. Between this and the outer pen will be held a supply of ink; when they are once dipped into the inkstand, they will last to write several lines of manuscript. It is not necessary that the points of the two pens should be very near together; but if the flow of ink is not rapid enough, the points may be brough nearer by a bit of thread or a minute rubber band.

Vinegar for Pickling.—Put two pounds of coarsest brown sugar to one gallon of cold fresh water, mix well, then put a little yeast on to a piece of toast, and lay on the liquid; stir well for a week, then cover the vessel with brown paper, in which holes have been made with a pin, keep in a warm place, and in about four months' time you will have good strong vinegar.

How to Bottle Fruit.—Take cherries, strawberries, gooseberries, plums, or apricots before they are dead ripe, put into large-mouthed olive bottles, and fill them very full, then cork tightly, place in a large pan or kettle of cold water with hay between the bottles, and let the water come up to their necks. When the water boils take the kettle from the fire, and let the bottles stand in it until cool. Then mix two-thirds beeswax with one-third tallow; heat together, and dip the corks into the boiling mass. Keep in a cool cellar.

A kettledrum is so called because it is made up of a great deal of noise and very little to eat.

THE CHEERFUL HOME.

The bitterness of a single unkind word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One surly glance casts a gloom over the household, while a smile, like a gleam of sunshine, may light up even the darkest and weariest hours. Like unexpected flowers which spring up along our path, full of freshness, fragrance and beauty, do kind words and gentle acts, and sweet dispositions, make glad the home where peace and blessings dwell. No matter how humble the home, if it be thus garnished with grace and sweetened with kindness and smiles, the heart will turn lovingly toward it from all the tumult of the world; it will be the dearest spot beneath the circuit of the sun. And the influences of home perpetuate themselves.

The gentle grace of the mother lives in the daughter long after her head is pillowed in the dust of earth; and the fatherly kindness finds its echo in the nobility and courtesy of sons who come to wear his mantle and fill his place; while, on the other hand, from an unhappy, misgoverned and disordered home, go forth persons who shall make other homes miserable and perpetuate the sourness and sadness, the contentions and strifes and railings which have made their own early life so wretched and distorted.

Towards the cheerful home the children gather "as clouds, and as doves to their windows," while from the home which is the abode of discontent and strife and trouble, they fly forth as vultures to rend their prey.

The class of men who disturb and distress and disorder the world, are not those born and nutured among the hallowed influences of happy homes; but rather those whose early lives have been a scene of trouble and vexation—who have started wrong in the pilgrimage, and whose course is one of disaster to themselves, and trouble to those around them.

NEW PEARLS

Of late years a capricious taste in jewellery has fluctuated fiest from one stone to another, but since the dawn of the toilet, pearls have always had their worshippers. It is purer in look than a colored stone; and warmer in aspect than a diamond: two facts to which are, perhaps due its unfading popularity. Popular, however, as has been the pearl in the past, it will be still more popular if the future of the new pearl-banks at Lingah prove the treasure they are said to be. Two poor peasants, fishing a mile from Lingah, are reported to have made the the discovery with which half of Persia is ringing. Pearls as large as pigeon eggs have been exhibited as proof of the pecuniary value of the new beds, and already European capitalists are being asked to form a company to work the new ground. It is too soon yet to say how far their anticipations of great riches will be fulfilled by events, but one cannot help wondering how the two poor peasants fared. Persian justice is not very reliable, and beggars walking about in that kingdom, with pearls of any size in their possession, might find it wiser to hold their tongues about their discovery till they had amassed enough riches to retire to a more civilized region.

The manner of saying or doing anything goes a great way in the value of the thing itself. It was well said of him that called a good office that was done harshly, and with an ill will, a stoney piece of bread. "It is necessary for him that is hungry to receive it, but it almost chokes a man in going down."

WOMAN'S TENACITY OF LIFE.

It appears from the gathered statistics of the world that women have a greater tenacity of life than men. Nature worhips the female in all its varieties, says the *Modern Age*. Among insects the male perishes at a relatively early period. In plants the seminate blossoms die earliest, and are produced in the weaker limbs. Female quadrupeds have more endurance than males. In the human race, despite the intellectual and physical strength of the man, the woman endures longest, and will bear pain to which the strong man succumbs. Zymotic diseases are more fatal to males, and more male children die than females. Deverga asserts that the proportion dying suddenly is about 100 women to 780 men; 1,080 men in the United States, in 1870, committed sucide to 285 women. Intemperance, apoplexy, gout, hydrocephalus, affections of the heart or liver, scrofula, paralysis, are far more fatal to males than females. Pulmonary consumption, on the other hand, is more deadly to the latter. Females in cities are more prone to consumption than in the country. All old countries not disturbed by emigration have a majority of females in the population. In royal families the statistics show more daughters than sons. The Hebrew women is exceptionally long-lived, the colored man exceptionally short-lived. The married state is favorable to prolongation of life among women. Dr. Hough remarks that there are from 2 to 6 per cent more males born than females, yet there is more than 6 per cent excess of females in the living populations. From which statistics we conclude that all women who can possibly obtain one of those rapidly departing men ought to marry, and that, as men are likely to become so very scarce, they can not be sufficiently prized by the other sex.

HUMOR HIM.

Perhaps it is a proof of man's inferiority that he must be managed a little. Nothing annoys him more then to be eagerly questioned when he comes home tired. Give him a neatly-served dinner, or a pair of easy slippers and a cup of tea, and let him eat and drink in peace, and in time he will tell you, of his own proper motion, all you wish to know. But if you begin the attack too soon, the chances are that you will be rewarded by curtly spoken monosyllables. Put down that piece of wisdom in your notebook, girls; it will serve you well some day.

He who progogues the honesty of today till to-morrow, will probably prorogue his to-morrows to eternity.

To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance.

Pride is never more offensive than when it condescends to the civil; whereas, vanity, whenever it forgets itself, naturally assumes good humor.

Precepts or maxims are of great weight and a few useful ones at hand do more toward a happy life than whole volumes that we know not where to find.

Learn what people glory in, and you may learn much of both the theory and practice of their morals.

It should seem that indolence itself would incline a person to be honest, as it requires infinitely greater pains and contrivance to be a knave.

Hyprocisy, of course, delights in the most sublime speculations; for never intending to go beyond speculations, it costs nothing to have it magnificent.

Mere bashfulness without merit is awkward; and merit without modesty, insolent. But modest merit has a double claim to acceptance, and generally meets with as many patrons as beholders.

EATON'S.

Why not save from 10 to 15 per cent. and go to Eaton's where they buy and sell for CASH ONLY. All New goods, no bankrupt stock, or moth-eaten goods sold at Eaton's, and only one price. Just note prices quoted below, and Nos. 190, 192, 194 and 196 Yonge Street.

GLOVES.

Ladies' 4-buttoned kid gloves in black and dark colors, tans, tints and white, from 75 cents pair up.

Ladies' 6 and 8-button lengths Mousquetaire kid gloves in black and tan shades, $1.25, $1.50 pair, cheap.

Ladies' 3-buttoned Josephine kid gloves for 75c. pair.

Ladies' Silk Taffetta Gloves, 30c, 35c, 40c, 50c, 60c. pair, up.

Ladies' all-silk gloves, black and colored, 50c, 65c, 75c. pair, up.

Every lady should visit Eaton's glove department.

PARASOLS & UMBRELLAS.

Children's fancy parasols only 25 cents each.

Children's fancy parasols, fast colors, 35c. each.

Children's fancy parasols, with lace, only 50 cents each.

Ladies' black satin parasols, only 75c. each.

Ladies' black satin parasols, with lace, only $1 each.

Ladies' black satin parasols with silk lace, only $1.25 each.

Ladies' black and brown silk umbrellas, at $1 each.

Ladies' black and brown silk umbrellas, at $1.25 each.

Ladies' black, brown and green umbrellas at $1.50, $1.75, up.

The above are selling fast, over two hundred dozen to select from. ☞ Visit Eaton's parasol department.

MILLINERY.

Full display of Spring Millinery at Eaton's.

Ladies' trimmed hats for $1, $1.50, $2, up to $25, at Eaton's, 190 to 196 Yonge Street.

Special tables full of beautiful trimmed hats, for girls and misses, at 38c, 50c, 75c, $1, up. Come and see.

Infants' bonnets and hats, in silk, satin and pique, 75c, 85c, $1.25 up, at Eaton's.

Boys' straw sun hats in great variety, 5c, 10c, 15c, up.

Special value of women's sun hats, in black and colored, at 10c, 15c, 25c. up, at Eaton's millinery department.

American black and colored braid hats, 75c, 90c, up.

A most complete stock of black, cream, coral, tuscan, blue and brown ostrich feathers, retail at wholesale prices, at Eaton's, Yonge Street.

T. Eaton & Co. advertise all goods and their customers can depend upon getting anything they advertise, by calling at their establishment, or by communicating by telephone or letter.

SALES FOR CASH ONLY

OR C. O. D.

T. EATON & CO.,

190 to 196 Yonge St.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

We find beauty in itself a very poor thing unless beautified by settlement.

Good housekeeping lies at the root of all the real ease and satisfaction in existence.

Gold can buy nearly everything in this world except that which a man wants most—viz., happiness.

Any man can pick up courage enough to be heroic for an hour; to be patiently heroic daily is the test of character.

Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many; not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.

A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain; while witty sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping from a broken string.

Stories heard at mother's knee are never wholly forgotten. They form a little spring that never quite dries up in our journeyings through scorching years.

With every member of a household anxious to promote the welfare and happiness of each other by kind words and deeds, how cheerful the family circle can be made!

Even in the fiercest uproar of our stormy passions, conscience, though in her softest whispers, gives to the supremacy of rectitude the voice of an undying testimony.

The truest successes in life are not those in o which people fall by accident, or those which they win by a single bold stroke, but those into which they grow by a slow and sure unfolding of capacity and power.

Labor is not in itself disagreeable. Activity is a vital element in life and growth; the young child is full of it, the young man cannot restrain it, and, if in maturity it seems to decline, it is but transferred from the bodily to the mental functions.

Do good to all men, as you have the opportunity. Deal out kindness and favors with an unsparing hand. The cause you understand not search out. If you cannot find happiness by direct search, try another plan. Make others happy, and see if that does not make you truly blessed.

The plain principles of truth and honesty are familiar to most of us, and need no elaborate argument to elucidate or uphold them. They demand our unhesitating obedience, and the more cheerfully and promptly we act upon them, the more firm, manly, and consistent will our characters become.

Two things in life are absolutely certain—death and sorrow; and these two, about which there is no contingent, alone possess the power to surprise us. All that is problematical we are ready for, and accept without lifting our eyebrows; but to the figure of sorrow, whose shadow falls athwart our path a few days journey ahead, and death, who waits at its end, without clamor, since he is sure of us—to these we say, "It cannot be! It is impossible!" We count upon the uncertain, but the inevitable surprises us

There are some people, keen intelligent, energetic, having a distinct aim in life and following it closely, but wrapped up in themselves and regardless of others, except as they can use them for their own benefit. Their experience seems to afford no opening into the lives of others, their struggles do not teach them how to help others, their joys and sorrows do not enable them to sympathize with others. They are, in the words of a recent writer, as "bright and sharp as needles, and they are as hard and narrow." This exclusive devotion to self, however intense and eager, misses its aim. For as we cannot truly help others while neglecting our own proper business sowe cannot do our own work in the best way while neglecting our duties to other people. The experience that we gain through sympathy react to make our own lives richer and our labors more effective.

FINE DARNING.

Fifty years ago no American lady's education was considered finished until she could darn and patch so as to be complimented by her grandmother, whose years of practice had made her an expert in this useful domestic art. Though a lost art in many of our families, it still flourishes in Scotland. Her economical housewives are so proud of their conquests over the accidents which befall apparel, that in Aberdeen there was recently held an exhibition of work in patching and darning. Hundreds of articles were shown whose defects, if they had belonged to an ordinary American housewife, would have consigned them to the rag-bag. Yet so skillfully had they been patched or darned that their rents and holes were hidden from all eyes save the most prying. An India shawl was exhibited in which a long slit had been burned. So skillfully had the darning been executed, and so faithfully the pattern followed, that at the distance of a yard no one could detect the place where the shawl had been repaired. In one of the swallowtails of a fine dress coat an envious nail had made a large rent. But only the keenest vision could discover the square patch inserted by the deftly working fingers. Costly silken hose, in elaborate patterns, darned in a hundred places, were also shown. Yet the curious, intent upon discovering where the holes really were, looked again and again, to find their closest inspection defied. We have our virtues but providient economy is certainly not one of them.

"This coat," said a lady, as she handed a poor woman an old overcoat, "will make your husband a good jacket."

"Thank you! But I don't know as I care to take it. The fact is, I never could make over old clothes," was the answer, spoken without the slightest mortification.

Yet it is a Scotch woman's pride to make "auld claes look amaist as weel's the new," and the garments we renow she would repair

Ball-loon—A crazy cricketer.

The pink of politeness is something that does not wash off.

Powder is like money. It's awful hard to hold after it begins to go.

When an "old seed" is planted death will have a harvest of "tares."

Rolling stock—Cattle trains pitched down an embankment.

Egypt will be wanting to trade its army for the American navy after awhile.

"Love is an internal transport," says a writer. Ah, yes; so is a dumb-waiter.

That Michigander who willed Josh Billings $5.000, must have died from a "bad spell."

Imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery, but it is possible to have too much of a good thing.

A Cleopatra's needle should be set up to mark the floods. It would soon be full of Ohioroglyphics.

The indications are that the groundhog knew his business when he retired for six weeks to his winter home.

"This is a new figure for the German, said Hans, when he was fined $50 for selling beer without a license.

When you see a counterfeit coin on the sidewalk, pick it up. You are liable to arrest if you try to pass it.

WOMAN IN THE HONOR LIST.

Perhaps the most significant indication of the influence of modern ideas that has been given at all, says the the New York *Tribune*, is the announcement that the University of Oxford has formally admitted women to the examinations, and by consequence to a place in the honor list. Twenty years ago such a step as this would not have been merely impossible, but preposterous. It would not have been discussed seriously by the authorities or the public. But now the congregation meets and gravely deliberates over the proposition to admit women to the examinations on equal terms; and, notwithstanding the advancement of all the old-fashioned objections, notwithstanding the airing of the staple predictions of evil, the statute was adopted, and to-day the great change is in operation. Curiously enough, the Oxford congregation made this important concession at about the same time that the name of Miss Octavia Hill was rejected as a member of the royal commission on the housing of the poor, for no conceivable reason than her sex. There is no doubt that she understands the question better than any man in the United Kingdom, but unfortunately she is a woman, and so in a country where another woman reigns, Miss Hill is ineligible to sit on a royal commission.

The action of Oxford is a sharp rebuke to that kind of old-fogyism as well as being a great encouragement for the friends of equal opportunities for women everywhere. It is a great deal to have overcome the conservatism which took shelter in the stereotyped pretenses that women were not fitted by nature for this, that, and the other study or occupation or pursuit. Henceforth, so far as the University of Oxford is concerned, all such considerations will be dispensed with, and women will be free to experiment on their own capabilities, and to demonstrate in the only practical way what they can or can not do. No doubt the example of Oxford will prove contagious. It is humiliating to reflect how many good people depend more for guidance upon "powers and principalities" than upon their own reason. That which was only tolerated before will become popular now, and the education of women will take a new departure in England.

The London *Times* remarks in an article on the new event: The reformation swept away the nunneries without affording women any compensation in colleges, endowed schools or religious foundation. The University of Oxford itself, after being founded by nunneries, has lived for ages on their spoil." Now, after three centuries, the old University tardily recognizes something of its obligation to women, and gives them the right to equal, or nearly equal, competition in the examination. That they will eagerly avail themselves of the opening, Girton sufficiently indicates; and that they will profit permanently by the opportunity to secure the Hall mark of education, can not be doubted.

One of the most remarkable fungi of which there is any record grew in the wine cellar of Sir Joseph Banks. He received a cask of wine as a gift, and finding it too sweet, had it locked up in a cellar to ripen. There it remained for three years, probably during the time he was with Captain Cook in his voyage around the world. At the end of that period he directed his butler to ascertain the state of the wine but the cellar door could not be opened on account of some powerful obstacle within. The door was cut down, when the cellar was found to be completely filled with a fungus so dense and firm as to require an axe for removal. It was then discovered that the fungus had consumed every drop of wine and raised the empty cask to the ceiling

USEFUL RECEIPTS

Sauce for Roast Pork.—Make a rich melted butter; add half a teaspoonful of lemon pickle; a tablespoonful of chopped capers, seasoning to taste, and a teaspoonful of current jelly; let all boil up, and serve hot with the roast pork.

Chicken Stew.—Boil a chicken, cut it up in neat joints, and put them in a frying pan with two ounces of butter, and two large onions, cut in thin slices; season with a little salt, and a tablespoonful of dry curry-powder; stir those in the pan until the onions brown, then add a gill of good brown stock, bring it to the boil, and serve it with plain boiled rice.

Omelet.—Six eggs, separate the whites and yolks; one cup of milk, one tablespoonful of melted butter, three of flour wet smooth with a little of the milk, one tablespoonful of salt. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and whisk in with the other ingredients just before frying. One-half this quantity is sufficient for a small family.

Grease Spots and Stains.—A mixture which is excellent for removing grease spots and stains from carpets and clothing is made of two ounces of ammonia, two ounces of white castile soap, one ounce of glycerine, one ounce of ether. Cut the soap fine and dissolve in one pint of water over the fire; add two quarts of water. This should be mixed with water in the proportion of a teacupful to one ordinary sized pail of water.

The Dinner Table.—Let the tablecloth always be a spotless white. Let the table-napkins be neatly folded into some nice shape. Let the silver be bright. The glasses bright, and even if no hock or similar wine be taken, a colored glass, such as a green one, placed on a table, always sets the table off. Let a few flowers or a nice fern be placed in the middle of the table; and if you have a lamp let it be shaded so that the light falls on the table, and not on the eyes.

Polish for Fine Carved Work.—To polish fine carved work, take a half pint of linseed oil, half a pint of old ale, the white of an egg, one ounce of French spirits, one ounce of spirits of ammonia; shake well before using. A little is to be applied to the face of a soft linen pad, and lightly rubbed for a minute or two over the article to be restored, which must afterward be polished off with an old silk handkerchief. This polish will keep any length of time, if well worked. It is useful for cabinet work, and is also recommended for papier-mache work.

To Prevent Scratching Matches on Paint.—A correspondent, speaking of the defacement of paint by the inadvertent or heedless scratching of matches, says he has observed that when one mark has been made others follow rapidly. To effectually prevent this, rub the spot with flannel saturated with any liquid vaseline. "After that, people may try to strike their matches there as much as they like, they will neither get a light nor injure the paint," and, most singular, the petroleum causes the existing mark to soon disappear, at least when it appears on dark paint.

Fresh air from without may very easily be had without draught and without risk of cold even to delicate persons, if a few simple rules be observed. The cold air of winter of course enters with greater force and in greater proportionable volume than the more equable summer air, into a warm room. The aperture of ingress must be correspondingly diminished. Air from a window is preferable to that from an opened inner door, no matter how roomy the house, from its more reliable purity.

The Ladies' Journal

Devoted to Literature, Fashion, &c.

JUNE, 1884.

Printed and published by S. FRANK WILSON, 33 and 35 Adelaide Street, West, Toronto, Ontario.

OUR PATTERNS.

Any pattern illustrated in these pages can be obtained by addressing S. FRANK WILSON, Publisher, 33 & 35 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Always remit price of pattern with order, please.

The taste for shot silks is on the increase.

Croquet bids fair to be always fashionable.

Archery is on the decline. Pity, but 'tis true.

Lawn tennis is again the popular outdoor game.

The gored skirt is moribund, but it will die hard.

Shot velvet comes up among other changeable dress stuffs.

White velvet hats are worn at dress afternoon garden parties.

The newest fancy in printed lawns is for dotted effects in the tissue.

High coiffures and the use of hair powder to a limited extent prevails in Paris.

Pale gray tints bid fair to take the place of ecru and cream for evening toilets.

Feather borders and feather fringes appear on dressy silk and satin parasols.

Redingotes with shirred backs fitting well in at the waist line are much worn.

FASHIONABLE PARASOLS.

No. 1.—A group of handsome handles for parasols, the smaller one of silver handsomely engraved; the straight one, of dark blue French porcelain, handsomely decorated with leaves and flowers, and having a silver serpent entwined about its upper end; and the other of dark wood engraved to represent a serpent's head.

No. 2.—The smaller one in this group is of pale blue porcelain, with the pattern in pale pink, and the ends ornamented with gold rims. The one at the left is of bamboo, the irregular knob on the end incrusted with small gilt nailheads, and the one at the right is of dark wood, the end finished with a silver cap, and the swinging ring edged with silver, and ornamented with small silver nail-heads.

No. 3.—Coaching parasol, covered with striped blue and red twilled satin, and lined with old-gold silk. Handle of dark wood, carved. Silk pompons, in which the colors are combined, ornament the handle and the ring at the top.

No. 4—Parasol of gray satin-finished silk, trimmed with white Oriental lace and a full-looped bow of pale pink ribbon, and lined with pink silk. Hahdle of light-colored wood with the bark stripped off, unpolished, and the end tipped with a silver ornament.

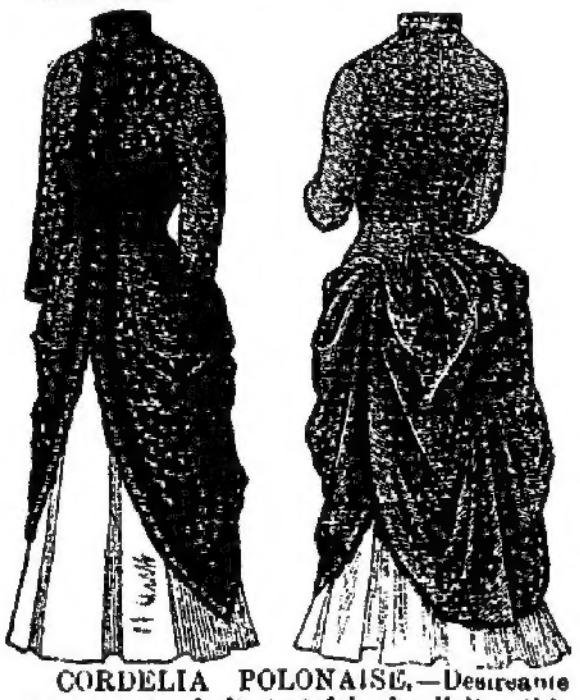
No. 5.—Carriage parasol, covered with yellow satin embrossed with black velvet figures, and lined with yellow silk having grasses and ferns painted on one side. the handle is of smooth, highly-polished, light-colored wood, with a ball at the top of dark blue Dresden china with floral ornamentation.

No. 6.—Parasol covered with brocaded-ed satin a dark blue ground with small gold-colored figures, trimmed with black lace having the pattern outlined with gold thread. It is lined with gold color, the handle is of rough wood, and the pompons are of gold and blue silk.

No. 7.—Parasol of changeable blue and red taffetas, lined with plain red, corded with blue, and having bunches of red ribbon on the ring for the outside and at the end of the handle of the rough white wood.

PARQUITA DRESS.—A stylish model in the English blouse style, having the full body shirred on a deep, square yoke. The coat sleeves are set in a little full at the top, and the front of the dress is shirred below the waist and tied back with a sash. Three gathered flounces trim the skirt, and these may be of embroidery or of the material, as preferred. Any of the materials usually selected for children's dresses are suitable for this design Patterns in sizes for from six to ten years. Price twenty cents each

CARA DRESS.—A most acceptable model for the various materials that are appropriate for small children's wear. It is a loose sacque shape having the front and back laid in box plaits and the lower edge finished with a hem and three tucks. The perfect simplicity of the design will commend it, especially for fabrics that require frequent laundering, such as ginghams, Chambrys, percales or lawns, although any of the soft woollen materials are effective when tucked, particularly cashmere, flannel or nun's veiling. Narrow ruffles of the goods or of embroidery may be used as a trimming where tucks are not employed. Patterns in sizes for from two to six years. Price, twenty cents each.



CORDELIA POLONAISE.—Desireable on account of its tasteful simplicity, this polonaise is appropriate for all soft woollen goods, washable fabrics, and also for pongees, summer silks, etc. It is tight-fitting, with two darts in each front, one in the usual place and the other under the arm, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The drapery is essentially graceful, but very easily arranged. Patterns in sizes for from ten to sixteen years. Price twenty-five cents each.

THE WOMEN OF MEXICO.

Some of the Mexican customs respecting women will mislead the American visitor, unless he is better informed than most persons who have crossed the border One that I know of is very queer, writes a *Chicago Times* correspondent from Chihuahua. Now, fast dying out, it was in vogue throughout the entire republic five or six years ago. I'll relate the experience of one A. W Gifford of San Antonio, regarding it, as he narrated it to me :

"I had been engaged in selling a ranch for a wealthy Mexican," said he, "and had managed to ingratiate myself with him. He invited me to visit him at his home, and I accepted. At the end of the National Railway I found a travelling carriage, drawn by six horses, and accompanied by a number of mounted servitors, awaiting me. Inside were receptables containing choice wines, ice—a scarce commodity—table ware, and a variety of viands. Arrived at my hosts house, he greeted me most cordially, assured me again and again of his friendship, and conducted me to a school room to see his daughters. There were five, all pretty, the eldest lovable. They ranged in age from eight to seventeen years. They stood in line, in school-girl fashion, as if about to make a recitation. Blushes suffused their countenances. but they cast at me many a coquettish glance. The father looked at them a moment proudly, and then introduced me, after which he astounded me by saying that I must make a choice of one of his daughters for betrothal to her. I thought he was joking, and made some remark in pleasantry, when he repeated his statement, and demeaned himself so gravely the while, that I was convinced he was in earnest. I scarcely knew how the scene terminated, for I became very confused, and did a great deal of unnecessary talking, just as a young man does when, partly intoxicated, he thinks of some plan for pleasure that his better sense bids him to forego ; but I think I lied to the gentleman by telling him that I had a wife and children. The next day he informed me the betrothal was an act of courtesy toward an ultra-favored guest, was extended to highly distinguished persons only as a rule, and signified nothing more than that the person so honored had the freedom of the house."

The granting of this privilege is indeed an honor, for no one but a near relative to a Mexican woman may, unaccompanied by a near relative, enter any part of an aristocrat's residence, where the females of the house hold resort. Even the parlor, therefore, is sacred from intrusion, unless one be accepted on the intimate footing accorded one's betorthed, who then becomes as a brother. Should he violate the trust reposed in him, no thing on earth would be more condemned, His punishment would be sure, and his life would be the price of his wrong. Mexicans have been known to violate this trust, but to the honor of Americans be it said, Americans never. Perhaps this happy conclusion to kind hospitality may be attributable in part to the fewness of the Americans so honored, and to the discernment of the Mexican hosts themselves, but it is ground for congratulation, nevertheless.

Try to be happy in this very mom ent ; and put not off being so to a time to come ; as though that time should be of another make from this, which has already come, and is ours.

The most glorious exploits do not always furnish us with the clearest discoveries of virtue or vice in men. Sometimes a matter of less moment, an expression or a jest, informs better of their characters and inclination, than the most famous sieges, the greatest armaments, of the bloodiest battles whatsoever.

Learn as if you were to live forever; live as if you were to die to-morrow.

Many sink into an early grave by not giving immediate attention to a slight cough which could be easily stopped in time by the use of a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Wistar's Pulmonic Syrup.

Nothing except what flows from the heart can render even external manners pleasing.

Corns cause intolerable pain. Holloway's Corn Cure removes the trouble.

The beam of the benevolent eye giveth value to the bounty which the hand dispenses.

HAVE YOU TIRED IT?—If so, you can testify to its marvellous power of healing, and recommend it to your friends. We refer to Briggs' Magic Relief, the grand specific for all summer complaints, diarrhœa, cholera morbus, dysentery, cramps, colic, sickness of the stomach, and bowel complaint.

Patience is not passive ; on the contrary, it is active ; it is concentrated strength.

The people of this country have spoken. They declare by their patronage of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil that they believe it to be an article of genuine merit, adapted to the cure of rheumatism, as well as relieves the pains of fractures and dislocations, external injuries, corns, bunions, piles, and other maladies.

He who can irritate you when he likes is your master. You had better turn rebel by learning the virtue of patience.

For worms in children, be sure and inquire for Fitzger's Vermifuge Candy. The genuine article bears the signature of the proprietor on each box. ☞ The public are respectfully informed that the Vermifuge Candy can be purchased of the principal druggists and dealers throughout the United states and Canada.

Never expect women to be sincere so long as they are educated to think that their first aim in life is to please.

As a superb hair dressing and renovator Ayer's Hair Vigor is universally commended. It eradicates scurf and dandruff, cures all eruptions and itchings of the scalp, promotes the renewed growth of the hair, and surely prevents its fading or turning gray.

In the hours of recreation the well-trained mind is active, not passive. The rest it craves consists in change of substance not in cessation of thought.

SORE EYES.—The Golden Eye Salve is one of the best articles now in the market for sore or inflamed eyes, weakness of sight, and granulation of the lids.

Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse. Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best bred in the company.

The enervation and lassitude of spring time are but indications of the sluggish action of the blood, overloaded with carbonates accumulated by the use of heating food in winter. This condition may be remedied by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier known.

Hair powder is worn in Paris by some ladies, but only for evening dress.

A FAMILY MEDICINE.—Over ten thousand boxes of Briggs' Life Pills are sold yearly in the Dominion of Canada, which is the best guarantee of their quality and the estimation in which they are held as a family medicine.

There are soft moments, even to desperadoes. God does not, all at once, abandon even them.

SORE THROAT.

This common and painful affection may be readily cured by the prompt and application of Hagyard's Yellow Oil, taking it internally at the same time according to directions. In croup, asthma, colds, swollen glands, rheumatism and other painful diseases it is equally efficacious.

Bands of ribbon terminating in flag bows form the vertical decorations o many printed lawn dresses.

STAR CEMENT.—Unites and repairs every thing, as good as new. Glass, china, stone earthenware, ivory, wood and leather, pipes sticks and precious stones, plates, mugs, jars lamp glasses, chimney ornaments. Picture Frames, Jewellry, trinkets, toys, etc.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

Many proprietary medicines, if they cure at all, require such a large quantity to produce effect that it makes them very uncertain and expensive remedies. Not so with Burdock Blood Bitters. It is highly concentrated, and for all diseases of blood, liver, and kidneys, one or two bottles, will cure more than gallons of the weak mixtures usually sold. Send for facts and figures.

The vanity of human life is like a river, constantly passing away, and yet constantly coming on.

THERE ARE CHEAP PANACEAS for various human ailments continually cropping up. Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure has no affinity with any of these. Unlike them, the article is derived from the purest sources, is prepared with the utmost chemical skill, and is a genuine remedy and not a palliative for Biliousness, Constipation, Kidney troubles, impurity of the blood, and female complaints.

Were we eloquent as angels we should please some more by listening than by talking.

THE FALSE PROPHET.

He who prophecies falsely of the weather leaves off his flannels and overshoes, and catches cold, is indeed unwise. If you follow this false prophet your rescue lies in taking Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. It is the best cough cure and the safest throat and lung remedy known to medical science.

Satire is a sort of glass, wherein beholders generally discover everybody's face but their own; which is the chief reason for that kind of reception it meets in the world, and that so very few are offended with it.

BRIGGS' GENUINE ELECTRIC OIL.—Electricity feeds the brain and muscles; in a word it is nature's food. The Electric Oil possesses all the qualities that it is possible to combine in a medicine to bring it a wide range of application, as an internal and external remedy, for man and beast The happiest result's follow its use, and in nervous diseases, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, and kindred diseases, it has no equal.

It is very easy to follow one's inclinations ; but unfortunately, we cannot follow them all. They are like the teeth sown by Cadmus—they spring up, get into each other's way and fight.

FROM THE PRESIDENT

OF BAYLOR UNIVERSITY.

"Independence, Texas, Sept. 26, 1882.

Gentlemen:

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Has been used in my household for three reasons : —

1st. To prevent falling out of the hair.

2d. To prevent too rapid change of color.

3d. As a dressing.

It has given entire satisfaction in every instance. Yours respectfully,

WM. CAREY CRANE."

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is entirely free from unchemical, dangerous, or injurious substances. It prevents the hair from turning gray, restores gray hair to its original color, prevents baldness, preserves the hair and promotes its growth, cures dandruff and all diseases of the hair and scalp, and is, at the same time, a very superior and desirable dressing.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

YOUR FACE

LISPINARD'S PARISIAN CREAM

Is Warranted a Sure Cure for

PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS, BLOTCHES, HUMORS, and all UNSIGHTLY ERUPTIONS of the SKIN. This Celebrated French Remedy positively removes all these humiliating defects in a few days, leaving the skin clear and smooth. Those who have tried the advertised "skin cures" without success will find this a sure remedy and not a mere paint or powder to cover defects. It has been tested by thousands of ladies and gentlemen with unbounded satisfaction, and is the only known perfectly harmless and absolutely sure cure. It makes the skin soft and white, **removes Freckles** and **Tan** and restores the complexion to its original purity and beauty. One package lasts two months, is applied at night only, and its use cannot be detected. Price, One Dollar. For sale by leading druggists, or sent by mail in plain wrapper, post paid, to any address on receipt of price. Sold by proprietors for the U. S. and Canada. Address **The Lispinard Co., Box 488, St. Catharines, Ont.**

The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is shown by its good effects on the children.

INVALUABLE TO EVERY LADY.

"MAY DEW,"

The Great French Lotion for Beautifying the Face.

It conceals the evidence of age. One application will make the most stubbornly red and rough hands beautifully soft and white. Remember that "MAY DEW" is not a paint or powder that will fill up the pores of the skin, and that is injurious to the skin, but a new and great discovery, a vegetable liquid, that causes the cheek to glow with health, the neck, arms and hands to rival the Lily in whiteness. Impossible to detect on the beauty it confers any artificial character. It cures Greasy Skin, Freckles, Wrinkles, Pimples, Black Heads, Crow's Feet, Blotches, Face Grubs, Sun Burn, Tan, Ringworm, Chapped Hands, Sore or Chapped Lips, Barber's Itch, To keep etc It frees the pores, oil glands, and tubes from the injurious effects of powders and cosmetic washes By its use all redness and roughness is prevented; it beautifies the skin, and will make it soft, smooth and white, imparting a delicate softness; producing a perfectly healthy, natural and youthful appearance. The best face lotion that the world ever produced We will send a large bottle to any address on receipt of price—one dollar. When ordering mention this paper.

Address all letters to

THE MAY DEW AGENCY,

167 CHURCH ST., TORONTO, ONT.

☞ Parlors and Reception Rooms for Ladies. ☜

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WOMAN IN WASHINGTON.

I have thought sometimes that I would write you one letter dwelling on the "seamy side" of society life as a correspondent at Washington sees it, says a writer in the Boston *Transcript*. Yet it seems ungracious to do so, where the pleasant side predominates so largely. I have no ambition, for the sake of being cheaply satirical, to caricature those who can not "strike back."

> Who, for the poor renown of being smart,
> Would leave a sting within a brother's heart!

Still more, a sister woman's heart, whose soreat point would be wonded were it known to the world that she lacked *savoir faire* in matters so vital as those that pertain to success in society.

Many things do come under a correspondent's notice, however, that appeal irresistibly to the comic vein, and this arises largely from the transientness of those who figure here, the crudeness of the relays of social forces that are all the while coming to us fresh from the people. As illustrating this, I call to mind the letter of a far western senator's wife whose term expired some time ago. She had been ill, or otherwise prevented from figuring in what she regarded as "society," during the most of her husband's term, and the last winter of their stay she evidently resolved to cut a figure or perish in the attempt. She was brought by a friend of mine to see me early on one of my reception days, just after she had come on from New York in December with a stunning wardrobe, which she kindly described to me at some length. The elegant velvet carriage-dress she wore she rose and particularly called my attention to, in the details of its trimming and other salient points. Finally she told me that if I would take care of her interests in my column during the winter I should be well paid for it. By this time I had discovered that the lady did not know any better, and I said that if she took a part in society I would be happy to mention her name in turn with the rest; but that I never made a speciality of one over another, and my pecuniary contract was with the editor solely, not at all with those of whom I wrote. She expressed much surprise, and said she had always supposed that society ladies paid for such things, and she hoped I would not feel that she had taken any liberty with me!" The entrance of other callers enabled me to bow her out quietly without expressing all I felt; but it is needless to say that I never returned her call. The morning after the following New-Year's (1883) I received a letter from her, written in pencil on a sheet of paper with the august heading, "United States Senate, Washington, D. C., 188—," stamped in blue in its upper right-hand corner; and, more incongruous yet, the senator (her husband) himself brought it, and told me he would pay for its insertion, as he was very anxious to gratify his wife.

The lady had the bad taste to sign herself as a full participator in her husband's office and honors. In the wife of Chief Justice Waite has occasion to write to a press correspondent a note regarding any of her many charities, she signs herself "Amelia C. Waite;" likewise the wife of Gen. Sherman signs herself "Ellen Ewing Sherman;" while the wife of his senatorial brother, with the same unassuming dignity, subscribes herself "Cecilia Stewart Sherman." I have many autograph letters of that character which I prize for their sweet individuality, as for being records of benevolent work in which it has been my privilege to be interested together with these and other ladies, better known at a distance by their places in the evanescent pageant of official life than by the treasures they are laying up in heaven.

It is only your shallow, flaunting woman who thrusts her husband's public station, or even his given name with the "Mrs." prefixed, grandiloquently into her signature. I have in my collection one nearly as florid as the above, from the wife of a district judge here, signed "Mrs. Judge ——," and not so much asking as commanding me to reopen the subject of a ball at the British legation, and to mention that she was "attired in lavonder brocaded satin; ornaments diamonds."

OUR KITCHENS.

The debate on woman suffrage in Iowa senate, recently, brought into emphatic prominence another subject that belongs to the domain of female effort,—that of domestic help,—and Senator Bills made a speech against the suffrage proposition remarkable for its vigor of thought and expression. He denied that female voting is one of the pressing necessities of the day. The great problem coming up for solution is this country, said he, is the question of domestic help: "What shall we do with our kitchens?" He added:

A woman is willing to go anywhere—into stores, offices, the public schools, and anywhere under God's heaven where she can earn enough to feed and clothe herself,—except into the kitchen; it is easier for a man to marry ten wives than to hire one servant-girl. The American people are fast becoming a people practically without homes. We are drifting into French flats, the co-operative housekeeping—huddling in groups, living like cattle feeding out of a common trough. The home, the best institution ever given to any people, is disappearing from our midst. The woman are deserting it for the political arena. I want to say," continued Senator Bills, who is the leading republican in Scott county, "what I have not been permitted to say in any republican convention—that the republican ship is being overloaded. It is in dangor, with prohibition in the hold, protective tariff amidships, and woman suffrage on deck. The danger-point is reached. She is near the water's edge, and is constantly settling."

THE OLD AND THE NEW HAMMER.—With what hammer shall we strike? Ay, there is the rub. Not that it is any question to me personally; but desiring to be a true brother to you, my reader, I put it so; and for your sake and in fellowship with you. Here are hammers—light, bright, many! See the trade mark—warranted brand new. The old smith over yonder says he knows nothing of them. They were left by a firm, who are always inventing new things. "Leastwise," says he, "they call themselves a new firm, but I believe they might better be called the 'long firm;' they trade under new names, but they are old rogues." The smith swings aloft with brawny hands a hammer which makes the sparks fly and the iron yield—"There," says he, "the old hammer suits me best." You see, good friend, he is only a blacksmith, and knows no better. Some people are unreasonably fond of old things. Are these mental fogies any more foolish than those who are fascinated by novelties? We think not. The old hammer in *our* forge is *faith in God.* —*Mr. Spurgeon.*

A POOR RELATION.—A beggar meeting a Duke one morning said to him "Good morning my Lord Duke: won' you help a poor relation?" "How do you claim relationship with me?" asked the haughty nobleman. "I am a member of the human family, in direct line from our common father Adam." "Very good," remarked my Lord Duke, "there is a penny for you, fellow." "But my Lord Duke, I had looked for more." The nobleman replied: "If you get one penny from every member of the human race you will be better off than I am!"

YOUNG LADY WHISTLERS.

The familiar air of "The Mocking Bird" whistled through West Forty-sixth street, in New York the other day, but the music was not that of the flute, the flageolet, the piccolo, the clarionet, or the fife. A reporter of the *Herald*, who was passing along the street, stopped to listen, for save a pretty young lady standing on a door-step, no one was in sight. Still the twittering and bird-like solo continued to vibrate down the block. It was the young lady who was whistling, and the reporter took the liberty of expressing his astonishment to her.

"Were you whistling?" he inquired of the young music-maker.

The young lady smiled, turned three difficult corners in the tune, worked in a tremolo half a dozen bird-like trills, stopped and answered:

"Yes. Why?"

"Because you whistle so beautifully, and——"

"Well, I think I ought to," she interrupted: "I've been taking lessons long enough, and my mouth has grown five-eighths of an inch smaller since I began to practice regularly."

"You take lessons, and your mouth has grown smaller?" echoed the reporter.

"Yes. you needn't look as if I was telling a story. Of course, I take lessons. Lots of girls whistle now, because it's fashionable."

"Who is the professor?"

"A colored man who used to wait on us at Long Branch."

"Where is his conservatory?"

"Oh, he comes to our house twice a week. His name is John Wise, but he says it's James Francis Cecil Clay Accomac Upshire, junior to John Wise, of Northampton county, Virginia. He is a wonderful musician."

"Then whistling will make the mouth small?"

"Why, of course it will. A girl that has a four-inch mouth can reduce it to three inches by a regular course of study. Besides, the puckering of the lips makes them fuller and gives them a nice color."

"How long does it take to dock an inch off an ordinary-sized mouth?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, I don't know," was the answer. "A girl must never sing, use large tooth brushes, or take big bites out of apples. Then if she practices all the time when she is in the house she will probably reduce the size of her mouth in about two years. Why, I can whistle everything, even scientific sacred music, and you see how small my mouth is. It is different from 'Zampa' is perhaps the most difficult selection in my repertoire. It requires so much active tongue movement. But a fine whistler must have a good ear, and good teeth that are not too widely apart."

"Will you kindly describe the method employed by the professor in lessons to beginners?"

"Well, he doesn't allow new pupils to sound a note until they become perfect in the control of their mouths. He illustrates silently with his lips how they should be drawn up, and the students watch him and endeavor to imitate him. Oh! we are going to have a concert in the spring, and then you may see and hear for yourself."

"Prof." Wise was found in an up town billiard saloon, occupied in the sedentary employment of watching two athletes from Columbia college struggle with a game of pool. He was a short, grizzly-pated man, of gamboge tint, with a smooth face and large lips.

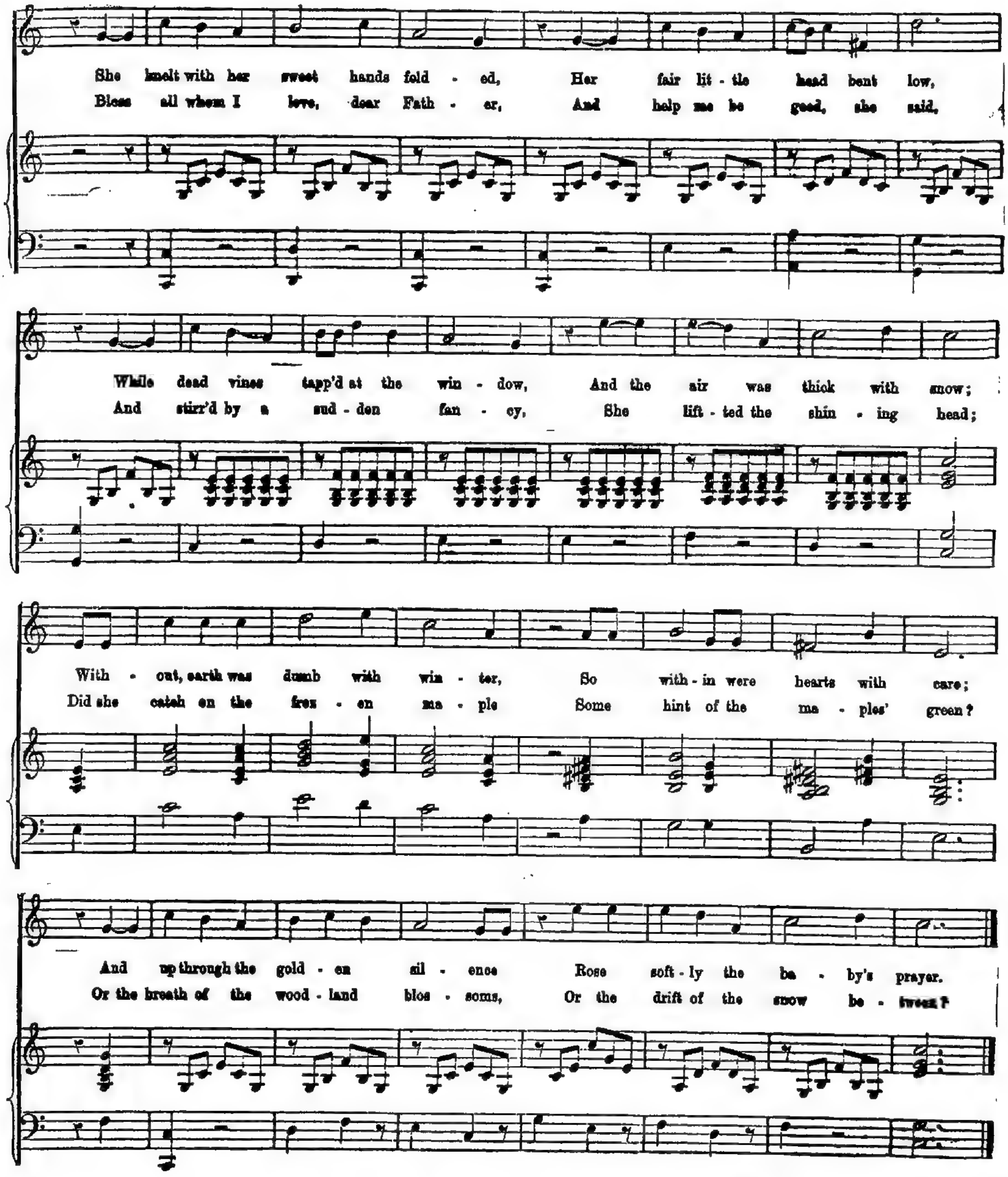
"Yef, sar; I'm Provess' Wise," he said, with a tantalizing slowness, "an' I'm an instructor in de art ob mocsic. Yef, sar; it's whistlin' wha' I teach to do young ladies of so-ciety. Yef, sar; sum pipe like the plovar an' sum like de dam ole jay bird. I cud al'ays whistle pretty tolbel smart as a chunk of a boy, sar, an' den at Long Branch whar I spen de summer de hotel folks dey hab me to whistle to dem. Yef, sah; and the young ladies, dey like to larn, an so I come here, an am a provess-ah," and the warbler walked slowly away.

LAWS OF WAR IN ASHANTEE.

The assumption that savage races are ignorant of all laws of war, or incapable of learning them, would seem to be based rather on our indifference about their customs than on the realities of the case. But whatever value there may be in our own laws of war, as helping to constitute a real difference between savage and civilized warfare, the best way to spread the blessing of a knowledge of them would clearly be for the more civilized race to adhere to them strictly in all wars waged with their less advanced neighbors. An English commander, for instance, should no more set fire to the capital of Ashantee or Zululand for so paltry a pretext as the display of British power than he would set fire to Paris or Berlin; he should no more have villages or granaries burned in Africa or Afghanistan than he would in Normandy, and he should no more keep a Zulu envoy or truce-bearer in chains than he would so deal with the bearer of a white flag from a Russian or Italian enemy. The reverse principle, which is yet in vogue, that with barbarians you must or may be barbarous, leads to some curious illustrations of civilized warfare when it comes in conflict with the less civilized races. In one of the Franco-Italian wars of the sixteenth century more than 2,000 women and children took refuge in a large mountain cavern, and were there suffocated by a party of French soldiers, who set fire to a quantity of wood, straw, and hay, which they stacked at the mouth of the cave; but it was considered so shameful an act that the Chevalier Bayard had two of the ringleaders hanged at the cavern's mouth. Yet when the French General Pelissier in this century suffocated the unresisting Algerians in their caves it was even defended as no worse than the shelling of a fortress; and there is evidence that gun-cotton was not unfrequently used to blast the entrance to caves in Zulu-land in which men, women and children had hoped to find shelter against an army which professed only to be warring with their King. The following description of the way in which, in the Ashantee war the English forces obtained native carriers for their transport service is not without its instruction in this respect: "We took to kidnapping on a grand scale. Raids were made on all the Assin villages within reach of the line of march, and the men, and sometimes the women, carried off and sent up the country under guard, with cases of provisions. Lieut. —— rendered immense service in this way. Having been for some time commandant of Accra, he knew the coast and many of the chiefs; and having a man-of-war placed at his disposal, he went up and down the coast, landing continually, having interviews with chiefs, and obtaining from them large numbers of men and women; or when this failed, landing at night with a party of soldiers, surrounding villages and sweeping off the adult population, leaving only a few women to look after the children. In this way, in the course of a month, he obtained several thousands of carriers.—*The Gentleman's Magazine.*

If we were to hear a sermon every day in the week, and an angel from heaven were the preacher, yet, if we rested in bare hearing, it would never bring us to heaven.

BABYS' PRAYER.



The beautiful trees, she whispered,
Where the orcoles used to sing,
They are tired of the cold white winter,
Oh, help them to grow in spring;
And the flowers I loved to gather,
Lord, bring them again in May,
And the dear little violets sleeping,
Down deep in the ground to-day.

Ah, earth may be chill'd with snowflakes,
And the hearts may be cold with care,
But wastes of a frozen silence,
Are cross'd by the baby's prayer.
Yes, the little one's prayer was answered,
And the flowers came in May,
But the sweet little flower who prayed the prayer,
The Master has taken a way.

OUR BIBLE COMPETITIONS.

City School, Pt. St. Charles.
MONTREAL, April 30, 1884.

EDITOR LADIES' JOURNAL.

SIR,—Please accept my hearty thanks for the black silk dress which I received to-day by express. I am very much pleased with it, as are also those of my friends to whom I have already shown it. Wishing the LADIES' JOURNAL great success,

I remain,
Yours respectfully,
LILLIE CLARKE.

TORONTO, April 25, 1884.

DEAR SIR,—The beautiful and valuable Ladies' Gold Watch which I gained by my correct answers to the Bible questions in competition No. 5 of LADIES' JOURNAL, came to hand this afternoon. I found it, on examination, fully what you stated—a genuine solid gold Waltham watch. Apart from the watch I wish to state, that had I not been successful, the LADIES' JOURNAL in itself is worth more than the outlay, *viz.*, 50 cents. It is a good family paper. Accept my thanks for your truly valuable present.

Yours etc.,
I. H. I. KERR.

MR. S. FRANK WILSON,
LADIES' JOURNAL,
Toronto.

TORONTO, April 7th, 1884.

S. FRANK WILSON, ESQ.,

DEAR SIR,—I received the Ice Pitcher and Goblet awarded for fourth prize in LADIES' JOURNAL competition No. 4, and am very much pleased with it. Wishing the JOURNAL the success that your enterprize deserves for it.

Yours etc.,
C. M. CLEGHORN,
82 Walton Street.

EDITOR LADIES' JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR,—The Cruet Stand which I received for LADIES' JOURNAL competition No. 4 is beautiful, it is better than I expected. The LADIES' JOURNAL is well worth the money without a prize. I wish you much success in your enterprise.

Yours truly,
FLORA A. ROSS,
297 Rectory Street,
London, East.

BARRIE, May 1, 1884.

DEAR SIR,—The watch which was awarded me in LADIES' JOURNAL competition No. 5, came to hand yesterday. It is quite as represented, and I am much obliged for it, and for your prompt attention.

Yours etc.,
GEO. FRASER.

S. FRANK WILSON, ESQ.,
Toronto, Ont.

THE MANSE.
Markham, May 16th, 1884.

S. FRANK WILSON, ESQ.,

MY DEAR SIR.—The Grand Square Rosewood Piano, given as first prize for answering Bible Competition Questions No. 5, was unpacked yesterday. It exceeded my expectation altogether. I consider it a real gem, its tone, like its finish, is everything that could be desired. Please accept my hearty thanks for so fully and readily carrying out your agreement. All who see it are delighted with it.

I remain, my dear Sir,
Yours,
BENSON SMITH.

From the following also we have letters written in a somewhat similar strain:—Mrs. Lea, 343 Berkeley Street, Toronto; C. T. Kneeland, 51 Shaw St., Montreal, Que.; Mrs A. J. Elliott, 708 Champlain St., Quebec; Miss Kidd, *Witness* office, Montreal Que.; L. A. Russell, Box 99, Montreal, Que.

The Winners of the Middle and Consolation Awards in No. 5.

Last month we gave the list of winners of the first set of prizes, with the correct answers, in above competition. The answers having already been published, we need not here repeat them; but we may mention that in no previous competition have there been so few incorrect answers submitted. As before stated, there being several uncles of Aaron mentioned, although Uzziel is the only one specially alluded to as the "uncle of Aaron," we have accepted as correct the names of Uzziel's brethren.

With regard to the winner of the first prize in the consolation awards, the following letter will be read with interest, not only by the winner himself, but, doubtless by others.

POST-OFFICE INSPECTOR'S OFFICE,
TORONTO, May 8, 1884.

DEAR SIR,—The enclosed registered letter to your address was contained in a mail which was being conveyed by Indian Couriers between Little Current and Parry Sound, and which was accidentally burnt by the fire made by the Indians at one of their camping places.

Yours truly,
M. SWEETNAM,
P. O. Inspector.

The Editor LADIES' JOURNAL, Toronto.

MIDDLE REWARDS.

1.—One Sewing Machine, Mrs. Mary M. Jackson, Petrolia, Ont. 2 to 7.—Six Hunting Case Solid Nickel Watches;—2, Mary A. Monteith, Exeter, Ont.; 3, Miss Hannah Hoag, 2129 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill.; 4, Mrs. Geo. A. Stewart, Box 979, Winnipeg, Ont.; 5, S. W. McClung, 31 Front Street, West, Toronto; 6, Lizzie M. Sheppard, Clinton, Ont.; 7, Mrs. John Dorsey, Beeton, Ont. 8 to 15.—Eight Open Face Extra Heavy Crystal Solid Nickel Watches;—8, Chas. Tabico, Hagersville, Ont.; 9, Jennie A. Bell, Beulah, Man.; 10, Mrs. A. H. Hoge, 222 Ogden Avenue, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.; 11, Milton Adams, Rat Portage, Ont.; 12, Mrs. John McDonald, Tiverton, Ont.; 13, Sam. Charters, *Conservator*, Brampton, Ont.; 14, Mrs. Wm. Dixon, Hamilton, Ont; 15, Mrs. D. Anderson, Magnus St. Winnipeg, Man. 16 to 21.—Six Volumes of Tennyson's Poems;—16, Katie Gauthier, Box 263, Cornwall, Ont.; 17, Maud McCall, Stoney Creek, Ont.; 18, Miss Lillie Tipton, Dunnville, Ont.; 19, Wm. McDonald, Georgetown, Ont.; 20, Addie Rixon, Milton West, Ont.; 21, Fannie Anderson, Aldershott, Ont.

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

1.—One Elegant Silver Tea Service, Isaiah Haddon, Bruce Mines, Algoma, Ont. 2.—One Gentleman's Solid Gold Waltham Hunting Case Watch, H. Torrance, North Quay, Douglas, Isle of Man, England. 3, One Lady's Solid Gold Hunting Case Watch, Mrs. J. L. Parish, U. S Consulate, Chemnitz, Saxony, Germany. 4 to 7.—Seven Solid Coin Silver Hunting Case Watches;—4, Mrs. M. Bull, Blackburn Road, Brightside, Sheffield, Eng.; 5, Ellen Johnston, Caledon, Co. Tyrone, Ireland; 6, John Caswell, Altnamackin, Co. Armagh, Ireland; 7, Walter Morrow, Victoria, B.C.; 8, T. T. Fitzgerald, Woodstock, Pipestone Co., Minn.; 9, A. G. Millar, Cedar Run, Pa.; 10, Lena Walder, Zurich, Ffaffikon, Switzerland. 11 to 16.—Six Hunting Case Solid Nickel Silver Watches;—11, R. Inglis, Claysville, Washington Co., Pa.; 12, Mrs. G Dunmore, Glendale, Man.; 13, Mrs. James Robertson, Glendale, Man.; 14, Wm. Robertson, Glendale, Man.; 15, Elizabeth McIvor, Marsh, Barney's River, N.S.; 16, J. T. R. Johnston, Mud Bay, B. C. 17 to 21.—Eight Solid Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches;—17, T. R. Douglass, New Westminster, B. C.; 18, Geo. Zwicker, Cape North, Victoria Co., N. S.; 19, Mrs. Frank Winter, Ohio, Yarmouth, N. S.; 20, Thos. Leonard, Petersville, Queen's Co., N. B.; 21, N. F. Sabis, Feorlig, Fort McLeod, N.W.T.; 22, Mrs. O. Martin, Ninga, Turtle Mountains, Man.; 23, John M. Smith, New Westminster, B. C.; 24, W. A. Teeple, Birtle, Man. 25 to 30.—Six Open Face Solid Nickel Watches;—25, Maggie McMillen, Shoal Lake, Man.; 26, Fred Baldwin, Victoria, B.C.; 27, F. Clifton Coburn, Little River, Sunbury Co., N. B.; 28, Mrs. P. Polvin, Byng Inlet, Ont.; 29, Sarah E. Knott, Richards' Landing, St. Joseph's Isle, Algoma; 30, Miss Maggie McLennan, Richards' Landing, St. Joseph's Isle, Algoma. 31 to 55.—Twenty-five Triple Silver-Plated Pickle Forks;—31, Annie Reekie, Heaslip, Man.; 32, Olivia C. Roland, New Germany, Lunenburg, N. S.; 33, W. M. Mckay, Clifton, New London, P. E. I.; 34, Mrs. A. B. Walker, Reno, Nevada, U. S.; 35, Mrs. H. W. Bennett, Fort Ransom, D. T.; 36, Mrs. J. L. Selsver, Kansas; 37, Mary S. Balcom, Niclaux Falls, N.S.; 38, Miss F. M. Bentley, Marringhurst, Man.; 39, Frank Boyd, Minnedosa, Man.; 40, Charles Jordan, Point De Bute, N.B.; 41, Eva McDonald, Dickinson, Dakota; 42, Mrs. O. A. Hogan, Greenwood, Neb.; 43, L. V. Hogan, Greenwood, Neb.; 44, J. Tasker, Reay P. O., Muskoka; 45, Alexander Embree, Heaslip, Man.; 46, Eliza C. Beck, Murray's Harbor, P.E.I.; 47, Lizzie Prowse, Murray's Harbor, P. E. I.; 48, W. A. Richardson, South Bat, Sydney, C. B.; 49, Miss J. McLean, Cape Breton, N. S; 50, W. S. McLean, Englishtown, N. S.; 51, Mrs. J. McLean, Englishtown, N. S.; 52, John Gibson, George's River, C. B.; 53, W. F. Cook, Box 116, Lecompton, Kansas; 54, Mrs. M. E. McFaul, Miller, Mendocino Co., California; 55, Mrs. R. P. Anderson, Pilot, Mound, Man.; 56 to 77.—22 Triple Silver-Plated Butter Knives;—56, Capt. T. H. Alcock, Harbor Grace, Nfld.; 57, Jas. Harbottle, Pilot Mound, Man.; 58, W. Paul, Victoria, B. C.; 59, Thos. Nevin, Chater, Man.; 60, David Purvis, Gagetown, Queens Co., N. B.; 61, E. G. Purvis, Gagetown, Queen's Co., N. B.; 62, Jessie C. Thompson, Steeves Settlement, N. B.; 63, James Hingley, North River, Colchester Co., N. S.; 64, Jonathan Birt, McDonald's P. O., Pesquid, P. E. I.; 65, Alexander Aitcheson, Regina, N. W. T.; 66, Mrs. T. B. Wilson, Minnedosa, Man.; 67, Arthur Mullins, Hendson, Que.; 68, T. M. W. Bruce, L'Etete St. George, Charlotte Co., N. B.; 69, Lizzie Lunn, Virginia City, Nevada, U. S.; 70, Wm. Fisher, Mount Vernon Hotel, Butte City, Montana, U. S.; 71, Mrs. Ann Phelon, Amherst, N. S.; 72, Joan Henderson, Crapaud West, P. E. I.; 73, Mrs. H. L. Hay, 304 Macy St., Los Angellos, California; 74, Mrs. H. P. Cowper, Cornwall, P. E. I.; 75, Mrs. H. D. Ledge, Mount Stewart, P. E. I.; 76, Miss Lulu Plaxton, Prince Albert, N.W. T.; 77, Mrs. Wm. Douglas, Glenboro, Man.

THE PRIZE WINNERS IN NO. 6.

Following are the correct answers to the three questions propounded in this competition. Like competition No. 5, the answers to these questions have been more generally correct than in former competitions. Competitors have chiefly erred in the answer to the third question, possibly because they failed to read the passage in its entirety.

THE QUESTIONS, AND THE CORRECT ANSWERS.

1.—Where are some musical instruments first mentioned in the Bible? Gen. iv., 21.

2.—What two verses in the New Testament have only two words each? John xi, 35., 1 Thess. v, 16.

3.—What King in presence of his courtiers cut up with a penknife, and burnt the manuscript copy of part of the word of the Lord? Jehoiakim. Jer. xxxvi., 20 to 32.

These questions have been correctly answered by all those whose names appear below. The middle rewards and consolation prizes will be announced in the July number. Prize winners will please remember to send 12 cent postage on books, 25 cent postage and registration on watches, and 30 cents on dress goods. On larger prizes rates will be made known on application.

With this competition we close our series of Bible problems. It has been a source of satisfaction to us to know that we have, while endeavoring to increase our circulation, induced many to take up the study of a book, which is unfortunately, considered somewhat old-fashioned nowadays. Our undertaking necessitated a large outlay, much trouble, and uncertain returns. But we have, in every case, performed what we have promised, and, although we have not succeeded in satisfying everybody—a somewhat hopeless task—we have been in this direction as successful as any one could hope to be. The interest taken in this last competition, however, has not been commensurate with the large outlay involved, and we have, therefore, as already stated, decided to discontinue the competitions.

1.—1 Rosewood Square Piano, R. T. Crawford, Watchmaker, Woodstock, Ont. 2. — 1 Cabinet Organ, Dorothy Flanders, care N. W. Ford, St. Thomas, Ont. 3. — 1 Set Parlor Furniture, Jennie Fawkes, Ingersoll, Ont. 4, 1 neat Village Cart, A. Crumpton, 171½ King St., East, Toronto. 5 and 6.—Two Silver Tea Services, six pieces in each;—5, Theophratus Hall, Dundalk, Ont; 6. W. G. Brown, Dundas, Ont. 7 and 8.—2 Ladies' Gold Stem-winding and Stem-setting Genuine Elgin Watches; — 7, A. J. Sinclair, Cannington, Ont.; 8, A. C. Macintyre, Stayner, Ont. 9 and 10. —2 Triple Silver-Plated Ice Pitchers;—9, A. E. Stovel, 108 Shuter Street, Toronto; 10, Mrs. Wallace F. Fennel, Oshawa, Ont. 11 to 15.—5 Silk Dress Patterns;—11, Mrs. J. B. Fennel, Sr., Oshawa, Ont.; 12, Miss M. J. Brown, Box 205, Dundas, Ont; 13, Miss K. McNeil, Cannington, Ont.; 14, Mrs. D. McAlpin, Woodstock, Ont.; 15, D. D. McArthur, Kemptville, Ont. 16 to 21 —5 Black Cashmere Dress Patterns;—16 Mary E. Robertson, Aurora, Ont.; 17, Rev. G. T. Colwell, Sunderland, Ont.; 18, W. J. Barber, Sarnia, Ont.; 19, Miss Mary Breckenridge, Baden, Ont.; 20, Mrs. Lewis G. Rowe, Ridgetown, Ont. 21 to 32.—12 Gentlemen's Nickel Silver Hunting Case Watches;—21, A. B. Eadie, 237 King Street, East, Toronto; 22, James Cowie, Caledonia, Ont.; 24, Mrs. Neil McPhaden, Sunderland, Ont.; 25, James M. Smith, Woodstock College, Woodstock, Ont.; 26, Mrs. J. S. Boswell, Cannington, Ont.; 27, Luten Miller, Markham, Ont.; 28, Samuel Breckenridge, Baden, Ont.; 29, Fred Dean, Dundalk, Ont.; 30, Hector Anderson, Amherstburg, Ont.; 31, Geo. Dean, Dundalk, Ont.; 32, Andrew Veitch, New Edinburgh, Ont. 33 to 47.—15 Gentlemen's Solid Silver Open Face Extra Heavy Bevelled Crystal Watches;—33, Enoch Anderson, Markham, Ont.; 34, Alex Anderson, Markham, Ont.; 35, Geo. Walker, Galt, Ont.; 36, Mrs. Walker, Galt, Ont.; 37, S. G. Harris, Binbrook, Ont.; 38, Emma Howes, Riverside, Ont.; 39, Elizabeth Clements, Norway, Ont.; 40, Mrs. W. H. Batt, 24 Power street, Toronto; 41, Neil Currie, Creemore, Ont.; 42, Mrs. Robt. McKague, Castleton, Ont.; 43, Mrs. James Latimer, Frazerville, Ont.; 44, Maria Pengelly, Peterboro, Ont.; 45, Mrs. M. L. Kidd, Peterboro, Ont.; 46, E. Borden, Brampton, Ont.; 47, Miss Reb. Laine, Mercer Reformatory, Toronto. 48 to 64.—17 Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches;—48, Louise Elliott,

Cannington, Ont.; 49, Miss Nellie Gazatt, 15 Linden Street, Rochester, N. Y.; 50, Wm. Lacy, Claremont, Ont.; 51, Nettie Sayles, Paris Station, Ont.; 52, Rev. W. C. Macbeath, Middlefield Centre, Otsego Co., N. Y.; 53, Etta Secord, St. Thomas, Ont.; 54, E. Appleby, Hannah St., Hamilton; 55, Mrs. A. C. Burr, Morrisburg, Ont.; 56, Laura Coleman, Lyndon, Ross Co., Ohio, 57, Mrs. T. W. Kilbourne, 75 Hanover St., Meriden, Conn.; 58, Mrs. H. M. Yerington, Norwich Town, New London Conn.; 59, D. F. Bower, 442 Penn St., Reading, Pa.; 60, Mrs. N. T. Brown, Carleton, Orleans Co., N. Y.; 61, Earl Cartwright, Whitney's Point, Broome Co., N. Y.; 62, Jas. Brookes, Union City, Erie Co., Pa.; 63, Mrs. Almira Cutlin, Wellsboro, Tioga, Pa.; 64, J. D. Offord, Galt. 65 to 73.—9 beautiful Spring Sateen Print Dress Patterns;—Miss Ida Offord, Galt; 66, Miss Effie Offord, Galt; 67, Chas. J. Waldemar, 60 & 62 Yonge Street, Toronto; 68, Mrs. Leary, 300 Hope Street, Toronto; 69, Edward Liersch, Baden, Ont.; 70, Wm. H. Erbach, Baden, Ont.; 71, Mary Liersch, Baden, Ont.; 72, Ernst Flanans, Baden, Ont.; 73, Rev. Wm. McCullogh, 83 Dundas Street, Toronto. 74 to 84.—11 New Spring Dress Patterns;—74, Mrs. J. R. Rolph, 73 Dundas street, Toronto; 75, Miss Sydney Lawson, 69 Dundas Street, Toronto; 76, G. W. Vincent, 33 Rose Ave., Toronto; 77, Albert Stewart, 165 Bleeker Street, Toronto; 78, Maggie Waters, Ingersoll; 79, Hannah R. Whitham, Brantford, Ont.; 80. J. J. McCann, 133 Richmond Street, West, Toronto; 81, R. C. Webber, 27 Clarence Square, Toronto; 82, Jas. Rundall, Leslieville; 83, H. B. Hatchaway, Union Springs, N. Y.; 84, Henry Arnold, 76 Edward Street, Toronto. 85 to 93.—9 Celebrated Waterbury Watches;—85, A. Dorenwend, 105 Yonge Street, Toronto; 86, James Armstrong, 164 Duchess Str-et, Toronto; 87, Kate Botterill, 7 Brookfield street, Toronto; 88, A. L. Armstrong, 164 Duchess street, Toronto; 89, L nie Annaun, 383 Parliament Street, Toronto; 90, Belle Evans, 103 Main street, Hamilton; 91, S. Taylor, 46 Alice Street, Toronto; 92, Lizzie M. Bessao, Ithaca, N. Y.; 93, Mrs. R. A. Foy, Trenton, Wayne Co., Mich. 94 to 143.—50 Volumes World's Cyclopedia and Library of Universal Knowledge;—94, John McGolpin, 216 King Street, E., Toronto; 95, J. R. Chambers, Albion Hotel, Toronto; 96, R. C. Bowen, Albion Hotel, Toronto; 97, Mrs. R. O. Smith, Mitchell, Ont.; 98, H. Lovelock, 88 Bellevue Ave., Toronto; 99, Wm. J. Mitchell, 228 Victoria St., Toronto; 100, H. Hoad, Cor. Buler and Lippincott Streets, Toronto; 101, Aggie Bartleman, 82 Walton St., Toronto; 102, W. J. Cleghorn, *Globe* Office, Toronto; 103, S. W. Shannon, 241 Sherbourne St., Toronto; 104, Mrs. J. Fulton, 82 Walton St., Toronto; 105, Annabelle Breathwaite, 137 Brock St., Toronto; 106, Willie Hand, Cor. Buller and Lippincott Sts., Toronto; 107, Ethel Dyke, 194 College street, Toronto; 108, Isabella M. Hart, 55 Queen street, Parkdale; 109, Mrs. J. W. Trenaman, Paris, Ont.; 110, Chas. J. Wilson, 175 Parliament street, Toronto; 111, John Hext, Carriage Works, Brantford, Ont.; 112, C. J. Riggs, Fredonia, N. Y.; 113, A. Reed, 108 Victoria street, Toronto; 114, Minnie Read, 124 Victoria street, Toronto; 115, Phena McLeod, 104 Adelaide street, East, London East, Ont.; 116, Mrs. Dr. Patton, Princeton, Ont.; 117, Wm. T. Davidson, Cheltenham, Ont.; 118, Richard Wynn, Parry Middle, Granville, N. Y.; 119, S. J. Laffray, Fultonville, N. Y.; 120, E. L. Embree, Westfield, Union Co., N.J. ;121, Henry Henderson, 108 Victoria street, Toronto; 122, Miss Mabel Secord, St. Thomas, Ont.; 123, Allie G. Smith, Eden, Ont.; 124, Alice Nesbit, Springfield, Ont.; 125, Mrs. S. A. Trask, Adrian, Mich.; 126, Miss M. A. Watt, Peterboro, Ont.; 127, Mrs. Stephen Miller, 89 Wall street, Auburn, N. Y.; 128, Emma G. Ziegler, Envinna, Bucks Co., Penn.; 129, Mrs. Geo. Russell, Norwich, Ont.; 130, Mrs. F. S. Whitman, Auburn, Maine; 131, Miss M. C. Orvis, Ferrisburgh, Vermont; 132, Miss Minnie G. Jenks, Barnston, Que.; 133, Mrs. J. Doolittle, New London, Henry Co., Iowa; 134, Mrs. Lucy Abord, Abbotts Corners, Erie Co., N. Y.; 135, Willis P. Atwood, Gardiner, Maine; 136, Clara McCole, St. Thomas, Ont.; 137, Mrs. M. Bixley, Holland, Mass.; 138, W. H. Miller, Severn Bridge, Muskoka; 139, S. P. Ranney, Salford, Ont.; 140, Mrs. D. Campbell, Elderslee, Paisley, Ont.; 141, Mrs. J. H. Hanson, Parkhill, Ont.; 142, Miss S. Lagden, Ingersoll, Ont.; 143, Mrs. J. H. Secord, St. Thomas, Ont. 144 to 343.—200 Elegant Triple Silver-Plated on Solid Steel Butter Knives;—144, Mrs. G. W. Johnston, Covington, Tioga Co., Pa.; 145, Cora E. Osmun, Freedon Station, Catt Co., N. Y.; 146, Annie Coatts, Glammis, Ont.; 147, Annice Callis, Brantford, Ont.; 148, Mrs. P. Burse, Blenheim, Ont; 149, Mrs. H. L. Barkley, Stryker, Williams Co., Ohio; 150, Mrs. W. H. Hill, Greenfield, Ont.; 151, Colin Campbell, Sand Point, Renfrew Co., Ont.; 152, Mrs. W. Starie, Sand Point, Ont.; 153, W. F. Drysdale, Sand Point, Ont.; 154, James Fyfe, Glen Tay, Ont.; 155, John P. Ash, King P. O.; 156, Mrs. Nellie Butt, King, Ont.; 157, Wm. J. Harden, 103 South 6th street, Reading, Pa.; 158, S. S. Amsden, 948 Buff street, Dubuque, Iowa; 159, Miss H. Lloyd, 222 Wellesley street, Toronto; 160, Mrs. R. Coboum, Manilla, Ont.; 161, Miss McCormack, 2 Ann St., Toronto; 162, Mrs. A. Blake, 230 Maine street, Lewiston, Me.; 163, Mrs. S. E. Biers, 3403 Paulina Street, Chicago, Ill.; 164, Mrs. E. J. Wells, P. O. Box 934, Nashua, New Hampshire; 165, Miss Ella P. S. Kuner, West Randolph, Orange Co., Vt.; 166, Miss Maxwell, Richmond, Ont.; 167, Miss W. Fraser, Point St. Charles, Montreal, Que.; 168, Miss May Rennie, Ailsa Craig, Ont.; 169, Miss A. E. Bussell, Nashua, N. H.; 170, Wm. Armstrong, Cor. King and Simcoe streets, Toronto; 171, Miss Ann McCann, Cor. King & Simcoe Streets, Toronto; 172, Wm. J. Little, 114 Brock street, Toronto; 173, E. Shepherd, 35 Widmer street, Toronto; 174, Alice Shepherd, 35 Widmer street, Toronto; 175, Mrs. L. Goodwillie, Flint, Mich.; 176, Wm. M. Brookes, Byer, Ohio; 177, B. K. Northrop, Ridgefield, Fairfield Co., Conn.; 178, Susan Masterton, 114 Nazareth street, Montreal, Que.; 179, Annie M. Overacker, St Joseph, Berrien Co., Mich.; 180, Lizzie B. King, Old Chatham, Columbia Co., N. Y.; 181, Mrs. H. Robins, Jonesville, Hillsdale Co, Mich.; 182, Robert Irwin, 42 York street, London, Ont.; 183, Mrs. E. C. Bean, Belmont, Belknap St., N. H.; 184, Mrs. Cushman, 280 Adelaide street, West, Toronto; 185, Austin Moffatt, 631 Bathurst street, Toronto; 186, Fred. Riches, 109 Huron St., Toronto; 187, Mrs. W. T. R. Preston, Drawer 61, Port Hope; 188, H. McCann, Iroquois, Ont.; 189, Mrs. D. J. Dick, Kingston, Ont.; 190, A. P. Shewman, Petrolia, Ont.; 191, R. J. Munro, 270 Piccadilly street, London, Ont.; 192, Mrs. G. H. Preston, 119 Elgin street, Ottawa, Ont.; 193, Alex. Belunge, Quebec, Que.; 194, Chas. Henmanway, Goodwin's Mills, York Co., Maine; 195, Flora J. Dobbs, Wheeler, Fayette Co., Pa.; 196, Mrs. L. P. Cramer, Windsor Mills, Que.; 197, Isaac Devins, Coleraine, Ont.; 198, Frank Garbutt, Beamsville, Ont.; 199, Robert McPhail, 294 King street, west, Hamilton; 200, Mrs. J. McNeil, Maple, Ont.; 201, Mrs. G. W. Beynon, Brampton, Ont.; 202, Eddie Williamson, Brampton, Ont.; 203, Mrs. Wm. Coghill, Wyoming, Ont.; 204, F. G. McIntosh, Bowmanville, Ont.; 205, Ada Wood, Erin; 206, G. W. Turner, 259 Lippincot street, Toronto; 207, M. D. Trenaman, Three Rivers, Que.; 208, Barbara Whillemes, Ottawa, Ont.; 209, May M. Punchard, New Edinburgh, Ottawa; 210, Miss J. McIntosh, Box 67, Whitby; 211, Mrs. J. Giddens, Box 245, Windsor, Ont.; 212, Maggie McIntyre, Keene, Ont; 213, D. C. Sinclair, Aylmer, Ont; 214, N. Klock, Bancroft St., Aylmer, Que; 215, Miss Fannie Sherwood, 295 Peel St., Montreal; 216, J. L. Thompson, 2 Carleton Avenue, Toronto; 217 Miss Phyllis Thomson, Port Stanley; 218, Geo. Sherran, Thamesville, Ont; 219, Miss Stella Brown, Wessington, Beadle Co., Dakota; 220, Wm. Hopper, Cobourg; 221, Mrs. W. Holson, Beamsville Ont; 222, Maud Matthews, 2 Course St., Montreal, Que; 223, Mrs. Wm. Cooper, Knoxville, Jefferson Co., Ohio; 224, Mrs. J. E. Hart, Halifax, N. S; 225, Nellie W. Young, Coaticook, Que; 226, Miss E. Burton, Prescott, Ont; 227, Wm. Hutchins, 144 Oak St. Toronto; 228, Thos. Parsons, Stayner, Ont; 229, Louie Forrest, Hornby, Ont; 230, Miss A. Robinson, Walkerton, Ont; 231, Mrs. J. Bowes, 10 Park St., S. Hamilton, Ont; 232, B. N. Wales, Robinson, Que; 233, A. W. Andrews, Elgin, Ont; 234, Clara L. Barnett, Clayton, Ont; 235, Chas. McLean, Port Hastings, N. S; 236, Kate Robertson, Box 50, Southampton, Ont; 237, E. Douglas M. Towle, Lachine, Que; 238, Rev. R. W. Woodsworth, Dundas, Ont; 239, S. P. Detwater, Ayr, Ont; 240, Ezra F. Graff, Berlin, Ont; 241, E. M. Wallice, Humber, Ont; 242, Julia E. Denant, Delta, Ont; 243, Fred Abbs, Georgetown, Ont; 244, Jno. Perry, 120 McGill St., Montreal, Que; 245, Geo. M. Williams, Lakefield, Ont; 246, R. E. Nelson, Acton, Ont; 247, Miss Maggie Cheves, Clifford, Ont; 248, M. J. Paterson, 4 Kelley St., Hamilton, Ont; 249, Alfred Pell, Mt. Sherwood, Ottawa; 250, Sara M Ils, Knowlton, P. Q; 251, Miss McComb, Severn Bridge, Ont; 252, Mrs. Philip Potts, New Dundee, Ont; 253, Mrs. C. A Benedict, 8 Pleasant Av., Binghampton, N. Y; 254, Helen McLane, Franklinville, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y; 255, A. C. Maxwell, Box 395, Toronto; 256, Miss Maude Reynolds, 415 Chamber St., Peoria, Ill; 257, Mrs. H. McMullen, Ballantrae, Ont; 258, Mrs C. H. Hill, Ballantrae, Ont; 259, F. C. Ward, 12 Robinson St., Toronto; 260, W. J. Robertson, Box 797, St. Catherines, Ont; 261, Annie Beck, Cheapside, Ont; 262, Mrs. John Hethrington, Fullerton, Ont; 263, Mrs. G. A. Francis, Thorndale, Ont; 264, Mary Duffy, 51 Nelson St., Toronto; 265, Mrs. B. J. Cotrael, Otty. N. Y; 266, Martha L. Smith, Otty, N. Y; 267, Mrs. Andrew McEwen, Sullivan, Ont; 268, Mrs. Mary Jane VanEvery, St. George, Ont; 269, Miss Margaret Reekie, Valentyne, Ont; 270, Frank Gleason, Lakeside, Ont; 271, Alice A. Howell, Glenoe, Ont; 272, Fred W. Cowie, 561 Dorchester St., Montreal, Que; 273, E. Wilmott, 102 Sparks St., Ottawa, Ont; 274, Mrs. Ida E. Smith, 22 School St., Lynn, Mass; 275, George B. Wilson, 7 Widmer St., Toronto; 276, Gussie Wells, Sarnia, Ont; 277, Clarissa Anderson, 117 William St., London, Ont; 278, Edith Smellie, Rivercliffe, Brockville, Ont; 279, Mrs. Miller, 265 Parliament St., Toronto; 280, Mrs. H. P. Banfield, Ithaca, Tompkins, Co., N. Y; 281, Joseph E. Hurley, 313 Adelaide St., W. 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Hill, 132 Peel St., Montreal; 303, Miss Maria Drake, Box 1021, Cedar Rapids, Linn Co., Iowa; 304, Donald Mitchell, Glen Walker, Ont; 305, Constance Shannon, 239 St. James St., Montreal, Que; 306, Mrs. E. K. Langs, Cainsville, Ont; 307, Helen Jamieson, Picton, Ont; 308, Mrs. D. McDonald, Victoria Hotel, Lanark, Ont; 309, Miss Jennie McDiarmid, Brantford, Ont; 310, Francis G. Williamson, 114 Hazleton Ave., Toronto; 311, Miss. Clara Jolliffe, Coaticoke, Que; 312, Mrs. W. H. Hall, Markham, Ont; 313, Mrs. A. Cameron, Oakwood, Ont; 314, Lizzie Diebel, Stirton. Ont; 315, T. J. Hamilton, Erin, Ont; 316, O. E. Bland, Mallorytown, Ont; 317, Maggie McAlpine, West Lorne, Ont; 318, S. G. Harris, Binbrook, Ont; 319, Wm. Crook, Richwood, Ont; 320, Mary Mitchell, Box 329, Newmarket, Ont; 321, Mrs. A. N. Case, Kingsville, Ashtabula Co., Ohio; 322, Catherine Campbell, 132 Peel St., Montreal, Que; 323, Mrs. Jno. Garbutt, Beamsville, Ont; 324, Mrs. J. Howat, Thamesville, Ont; 325, Miss Ella M. Lowe, Westphalia, Kan; 326, C.C. Taylor, Custom House, Toronto; 327, Wm. Banting, P. M., Ivy, Co. Simcoe, Ont; 328, Mrs Philip Rayner, Ringwood, Ont; 329, Mrs. John Ryan, 16 Kay St., Halifax, N. S; 330, Eliz. Elvin Box 245, Ingersoll, Ont; 331, D. W. Campbell, 678 Palace St., Montreal, Que; 332, Wm. Webb, Scarboro, Ont; 333, Jno. Webb, Scarboro, Ont; 334, Mrs. M. McPherson, Colborne St., Brantford, Ont; 335, Mrs. A. Maynard, Thompsonville, Ont; 336, Eva Dyre, Newboro, Ont; 337, Jno. Graham, Boston Mills, Ont; 338, Mrs. David Rutherford, Walsh, Ont; 339, Jno. C. Dingle, Dundas, Ont; 340, Wm. Garside, 12 Front St., E. Toronto; 341, J. Bray, Henry St., Cobourg, Ont; 342, S. S. Bowman, Ayr, Ont; 343, O. S. Bircker, Roseville, Ont.

What makes me laugh when others sigh?
No tears can ever bedew mine eye
It is because I always buy—Briggs' Life Pills.

What is it makes me hale and stout,
And all my friends can't make it out,
I really could n t live without—Briggs' Life Pills.

So if you're sad, or grieved, or ill,
Pray, do not pay a doctor's bill,
But take a dose of—Briggs' Life Pills.

Life, like the waters of the sea, freshens only when it ascends toward heaven.

Mr. R. C. Winlow, Toronto, writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is a valuable medicine to all who are troubled with indigestion. I tried a bottle of it after suffering for some ten years, and the results are certainly beyond expectations. It assists digestion wonderfully. I digest my food with no apparent effort, and am now entirely free from that sensation, which every dyspeptic well knows, of unpleasant fulness after each meal."

It is only in this life that we can win souls for Christ.

D. Sullivan, Malcolm, Ontario, writes: "I have been selling Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for some years, and have no hesitation in saying that it has given better satisfaction than any other medicine I have ever sold. I consider it the only patent medicine that cures more than it is recommended to cure." Unprincipled persons are selling imitations of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Do not be deceived.

What we are afraid to do before men we should not be afraid to think before God.

A RUN FOR LIFE.—Sixteen miles were covered in two hours and ten minutes by a lad sent for a bottle of Briggs' Electric Oil. Good time, but poor policy to be so far from a drug-store without it.

HOME

There is a land of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where br ghter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age and love-exalted youth.

The wandering mariner, wh se eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to the po'e;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.

Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.

Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man? a patriot? look around;
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE CHILDREN'S STORY.

ON A REFRIGERATOR.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

It was Bern Cartney's first visit to New York. He and his mother had come down from their home in the North to spend a fortnight with some relatives in Connecticut, and now the two were on a day's shopping excursion to the metropolis.

"I don't think the horse-cars are as nice as the Boston ones," remarked Bern, critically, as they entered one of the large dry-goods stores; "But it is great fun to watch the elevated railroad.

Indeed, Bern had kept his eyes so steadily fixed on the trains passing back and forth between himself and the sky that he had no means left of guarding against collisions with lamp posts, telegraph poles, and show cases on the earth.

"Now, Bernie," said Mrs Cartney, as they left the bewildering, bustling shop. "I'm going to a dressmaker's next, and as I can't leave you anywhere, you'll have—"

"Oh, please just let me stand on the sidewalk here, where I can watch the trains!" eagerly broke in Bern. "I'll stay right on this very stone till you come back."

"No indeed," returned his mother, as she halted under an awning to think. "How could I tell one stone from another? Besides you're tired enough to sit down I fancy."

Why, here's just the thing!" cried Bern, suddenly, as he perched himself on the lid of a small refrigerator that stood on the sidewalk in front of a furnishing store. "I can see the cars splendidly from here, and won't stir till you come."

"But perhaps they'd object," began Mrs. Cartney. Just then the proprietor came out to ask how he could serve her.

"Let me see," she replied, as she glanced around the shop. "Oh yes. I want a rolling pin. You remember, Bernie, your aunt Jane spoke about needing a new one yesterday."

So the purchase was made, and confided to Bern's keeping, and Mrs. Cartney asked if he might sit on the refrigerator for about twenty minutes, while she went around the corner.

"Well," was the response, "I've no objection, if he keeps his feet still and doesn't kick the paint off."

Bern promised to sit like a statue, and having received many injunctions from Mrs. Cartney not to move till she returned he swung himself up on the lid again, and watched his mother disappear in the crowd. Just then two trains whizzed by overhead, and when that double excitement was over, a street band began playing at the corner. The last compelled Bern to exercise great strength of will in order to prevent his heels from keeping time against the refrigerator.

A balky car-horse furnished the next interesting event; but as the animal had chosen to take his stand about half a square away, Bern was again compelled to exercise a great deal of self denial in order to stick to his ice-chest.

"Hullo! Come off that!"

Bern brought his eyes back from the middle of the block to find a ragged newsboy addressing him.

"What do you want?" he inquired politely.

"Why I want yer ter get down from that 'ere 'frigerator," went on the young New-Yorker. Then noticing Bern's good clothes, which very likely held plenty of money, he continued, in a lower tone, "I was knocked off with boxed ears last week, so you'd better gimme two cents for tellin' yer, an' slip down easy 'fore the—"

"*Fire! Fire!*"

The last two words came in loud tones from a man who rushed out of the next store with the dread cry, and leaving Bern completely mystified, the newsboy tore off to the alarm-box.

If the country boy had thought the streets crowded on ordinary occasions, his breath was almost taken away by the throngs that now swarmed on the sidewalk.

"Where is it?"

"How big?"

"Call the engines!"

These cries with the everlasting "*Fire! fire!*" made the scene as confusing for the ear as for the eye; but Bern never stirred from the refrigerator.

"I'll be like the boy on the burning deck," he resolved, as the clanging bells of the fire-engines added their terror to the hour.

Such a galloping of horses, scattering of people, and puffing of smoke as there was!

"Oh, how will mother ever be able to get to me?" thought Bern. "And if I leave the refrigerator, how'll I ever get to her? I don't know where the dressmaker lives, and—" But at this point in his reflections the boy's whole attention became absorbed in dodging the burning brands that began to fall about him, and in gazing at the sheets of flame pouring from the windows of the house next door.

Still he never made a motion to leave the place, not even when the clerks began to rush back and forth carrying things out of the store.

"Mother may come back any minute, and she must find me here on this lid; so I'll stay as long at the refrigerator does," was his resolve.

Brighter and fiercer grew the flames, thicker fell the cinders, and faster ran the clerks, until finally Bern expected that they would carry the refrigerator off from under him.

But just as he became nearly frightened to death by a shower of sparks and a brand that first struck the refrigerator and then fell to the ground near his feet, he heard some one shout out that the wind had changed. Then somebody else announced that the fire was under control, and before very long the last spark had been quenched.

Slowly the crowd dispersed, the engines departed, pale women regained their color, and everybody began to wonder for how much the property had been insured. Meanwhile Bern sat there patiently on the ice-chest, rolling-pin in hand, wondering what had become of his mother. He could see by the clock in the store that it was after twelve, and he was sure she had left him before eleven.

He had lost his interest in the elevated trains, there was not even a hand-organ to divert him, and, worse than all, he was growing terribly hungry.

"Mother said we'd go to a restaurant as soon as she come back," he reflected. "Oh dear! why didn't I go with her to the dressmaker's and sit on the steps, even if it was in a side street without any cars to watch?"

It was as much as he could do to keep from kicking the refrigerator in his impatience. The clerks in the store went out by turns to get their lunch, and at five minutes to one the proprietor hurried home to dinner, and there were still no signs of Mrs. Cartney.

"What if she's been run over?" thought Bern, with a shudder, and he suddenly became possessed with a wild desire to to rush off somewhere and find out. But then she might come while he was gone.

"If this was only a corner grocery, I might buy an apple or something," and Bern sighed as he looked at the rolling-pin, so suggestive of Aunt Jane's famous pies.

The next moment a horrible thought struck him. Perhaps his mother had forgotten where the furnishing store was! It was quite possible, as she had not been in New York before in years.

If the refrigerator had been filled with ice, Bern could not have been more chilled than he was by suspense, doubts, surmises, and dread anticipations. What would become of him, alone—

"Bernie!"

It was Mrs. Cartney's voice, and by her side stood a policeman.

"Have—have you been arrested?" faltered Bern, clinging tightly to her arm.

"Arrested!" exclaimed his mother. "Why, I've had the police out looking for you. Where have you been all this time?"

"Just sitting on this refrigerator, as you told me to."

"But I thought the whole place was afire when I turned into the avenue, and I was half wild about you, so I went straight to the station-house. I've been to the drygoods store, the railroad depot, and then I thought I might find you somewhere near the ruins, if the fire was over."

"I guess you forgot about the boy on the burning deck," said Bern, as they went off to lunch.

EDUCATION OF AUSTRIAN GIRLS.

The education of girls in Vienna is somewhat peculiar, and perhaps worthy of note. Up to fifteen years of age they are kept at their studies, but are not deprived of society. They dress very simply, rarely wearing a silk gown till the day they leave the schoolroom for the ball-room. After they leave school they go through a years', or even two years', teaching in the pantry and in the kitchen, under some member of the family, or even, in some cases, in another family, under trained cooks. They may never be required to cook a dinner, but they are thus rendered independent of cooks and servants, as they learn how to do everything themselves, long before they begin house-keeping on their own account. When married, they are most affectionate wives and mothers. An Austrian lady, in fact, is as accomplished and learned as an English governness, as good a housekeeper and cook as a German, as witty and vivacious in society as a Parisian, as passionate as an Italian, and as handsome as an American—some of the most beautiful women in Europe being found in Vienna.

During a dense fog, a Mississippi steamboat took landing. A traveler, anxious to go ahead, came to the unperturbed manager of the wheel, and asked why they stopped. "Too much fog. Can't see the river." "But you can see the stars overhead." "Yes," replied the urbane pilot; "but until the biler busts we ain't going that way." The passenger went to bed.

WOMEN'S DRESSES.

Lady Manners says much more is spent by ladies on dress than was formerly the case; yet good, useful, and pretty materials may be had for very moderate prices. When, however, the home-spun tweed, or the cambric, is made up by a tailor or a first-rate dressmaker £10 or £12 will be charged for it. This sum used to be the price of a silk gown. Many ladies at the present time, whose fortunes cannot be considered large, spend six hundred a year on their toilets, and it is not unsual for a thousand to be expended by those who go out a great deal. Sixty guineas for a Court dress is a not uncommon price. Though brocades and satins now rival in richness those in the wardrobe of Queen Elizabeth, they do not seem to possess equally lasting qualities. At all events, many of their wearers are "constant to a constant change." There are now costumes for every variation of the barometer, especially adapted for every occasion. At 5 o'clock tea the most glowing velvets and rich laces may replace the sensible serge suit for an hour, until the tea gown has to be changed for the less comfortable but equally costly dinner dress. Young unmarried girls were formerly dressed with the utmost simplicity; white draperies, like those Sir Joshua Reynolds used to paint, were considered in every respect most suitable for them: but now, too often, three, four, or five hundred a year are spent on the dress of a girl whose fortune may never exceed that amount. How much kinder it would be, instead of letting the money dissolve into clouds of filmy net, to lay aside a part it to increase her marriage portion. It has been said that, no matter how humble the dwelling, wherever a young man and a young woman who love each other make their home, there is paradise. But with the expensive habits of our days it requires some courage for a young couple who have passed their early years in luxury to marry on small means. Experience, however shows that those who determine to live with simplicity and to exercise self-denial for the sake of each other may enjoy the perpetual feast of mutual affection without spending largely. But it is easier to begin married life in an economical manner than to retrench.

MODEL MOTHERS.

Model mothers are of the first importance in moulding the nature of a child; and if we would have fine characters, we must necessarily present before them fine models. Now the model most constantly before every child's eye is the mother. "One good mother," said George Herbert, "is worth a hundred schoolmasters. In the home she is loadstone to all hearts and loadstar to all eyes." Imitation of her is constant—imitation which Bacon likens to a "globe of precepts." It is instruction. It is teaching without words, often exemplifying more than tongue can teach. In the face of bad example the best precepts are of but little avail. The example is followed, not the precepts. Indeed, precepts at variance with practice is worse than useless, inasmuch as it only serves to teach that most cowardly of vices—hypocrisy. Even children are judges of hypocrisy, and the lessons of the parent who says one thing and does the opposite are quickly seen through. The teaching of the friar was not worth much who preached the virtue of honesty with a stolen goose in his sleeve —*Samuel Smiles.*

Bass, who has been abroad, describes his experience of ship board as follows: "You see it is very rough. The steamer kept going up, up, and then down, down, down; so after awhile my stomach stayed up and the steamer went down.

FASHION NOTES.

The waistcoat grows more and more in favor.

White petticoats are only worn with full dress evening toilets.

Few or no fashionable dresses are made of all one kind of stuff.

Cheviots and beiges remain the favorite fabrics for travelling suits.

The favorite figures on brown linens are clover leaves in a browner tint.

Fancy woollens have raised figures embroidered, or broche, with chenille.

Even white muslin dresses are made with waistcoats which are detachable.

White will again be the favorite festival dress for midsummer garden parties.

Among the French linens are changeable ones almost as pretty as the shot silks.

Silk petticoats, with embroidered flounces, are worn by the most fastidious women.

New white cotton batistes as wide as India mull come with small old-fashioned figures.

Colored Surah and silk waistcoats are frequently worn with white mull or nainsook dresses.

It is impossible to enumerate the various shapes in which hats and bonnets are made nowadays.

White veilings come with broche figures in white silk, the designs small, scattered, and of great beauty.

White veiling robes come in machine embroidered or broche for half the dress, the other half being of plain stuff.

Gold, silver, and silk gauzes, with raised and shaded velvet figures, are the most superb fabrics ever yet produced.

The blending of what are called the old tapestry colors in new woollens is delightful to those who have feeling for color.

Brocaded satin crepe de chine, color on color—the figures quite small—are among the most elegant novelties of the season.

Even white dresses are made of two kinds of material, one plain, the other embroidered, broche, dotted, sprigged, barred, or striped.

Shoulder capes in chenille and lace, held together with rows of old-fashioned netting in silk, will be the dressy midsummer street wrap.

Long Newmarkets are made of cheviot, beige and camels' hair cloths. They have tight bodices, full skirts, and shoulder capes with high shoulders.

The latest importations of taffeta glaces are changeable and also fine checked, and these are combined with brocaded taffetas in the same colors with changeable grounds.

White linens, dotted, sprigged, flowered, and figured in small scattered designs in colors—blue, red, violet, olive, and black—will be worn in combination with plain white linens to form suits.

The sunflower, daisy, marigold, dandelion, and hedge roses with leaves are the flowers most in favor for colored outline embroidery on pongees and on pongee, gray, and mushroom colored cashmeres and woollen stuffs.

Gray, pongee, and mushroom-colored cashmeres in all the shades of those popular colors come in pattern lengths for dresses, part of which are covered with flowers and sprays embroidered in outline stitches with vari-colored silks.

A pretty little fairy, who lives in Islington, and who is very fond of having Bible stories read to her, ran to her mamma the other day, and said eagerly: "Oh, mamma, please read me that pretty story over again about little Moses and the bulls rushing after him.

WOMEN ARE HONEST.

Although hundreds of women hold positions of financial trust in the country, we have yet to hear of one of them being guilty of embezzlement or defalcation, says the Albany *Journal*. The evidence clearly sustains the position of those who believe that women are qualified—morally, physically, and intellectually—for the handling of money in stores or in banks. Gen. Spinner, who first introduced women into the United States treasury, left on record a striking testimonial to the efficiency and integrity of the sex, and no one had a better opportunity to study the question than he, who at one time had one thousand women under his direction, engaged chiefly in handling money. He testifies that they count more accurately and rapidly than men; that their ability to detect counterfeits proved to be superior in almost every test; that they were without an exception, honest, and were invariably more careful and painstaking in their work. Complains of inaccuracy and carelessness on the part of men were made frequently during Gen. Spinner's administration of the United States treasury, but such complaints against lady clerks were few. The shrewdest and quickest detectors of counterfeit currency were women, and in case of dispute as to the genuineness of money, Gen. Spinner invariably took the judgment of a Miss Grandin, who was for a long time employed in his bureau. In speaking of her ability in this particular one day, Gen. Spinner said: "If I were to believe in clairvoyance I should say that she possessed that power; but I am not, so I call it instinct." Although there are several thousand women employed by the government as clerks, accountants, postmistresses and in other capacities, not one has ever proved unfaithful to her trust. Many have been discharged for incapacity and for other reasons, but never one for dishonesty. These points are worth the consideration of merchants and bankers, particularly now when there seems to be epidemic of embezzlement.

THE WOMEN OF FRANCE.

As regards women, the most notable examples of self-evolvement have been furnished by France as far back as we may look, says the Boston *Transcript*. No other country has produced such brilliant women in number or varied ability. In no other country have women played so notable a part in public events, nor approached them in influencing the men who shaped those events. Yet most of these women were the early product of the convent, where elegance, rather than severity of education, was the aim. But the French woman's development was largely due to the best French male minds, who made her *salon* the theatre of their thought, thus, without any elaborate theorizing, lifting her at once to their own plane.

How different this from the Teuton, who while making the finest sentiments about woman, cannot brook seeing her rise beyond the *haus frau*, with her bunch of keys and domestic round of interests. This, in high life; while in low it does not occur to him as unseemly to see her yoked, in drawing loads, with the donkey. There is something occult and inexplicable in the genius of race; for while the Teuton woman seems generally content with this, her Slavic sister is not.

The Russian woman is fully the peer of the man in her desire for learning, and in brilliancy and action, ahead of him. The most wonderful thing tn Tourgueneff's books was the way he showed this, making the man often seem pale and tame beside the woman.

What kind of field is older than you are? —One that is pasturage.

THE HAIR AND COMPLEXION.

The appearance of the hair will depend a great deal on the style of wearing it. Pale-colored hair need not be dyed in order to add to the beauty of the wearer. Nine times out of ten any attempt to change the tint thus violently will result disastrously. Judicious care and a diet and mode of life that will increase the amount of iron in the system will frequently darken somewhat the color that nature gave in the first place, though the result will come about rather slowly. Hair that the possessor thinks is too pale in color should be worn in crimps and waves, as fluffy as they can be made, and the play of light and shade will render the effect more beatiful than would any attempt at coloring. Moreover, when any attempt is made to bleach or otherwise color the hair that does not work through the system, it will be found that the process must be gone over again, month after month, as the hair grows and as the effect of the process wears off until she who has once made the trial grows thoroughly weary and would gladly have her tresses back in their original condition, were it possible. But having once began, it must be kept up. Red-haired people who attempt to darken the color of the hair or make it less fiery by generous applications of oil, commit a great mistake. Whatever they gain or think they gain by thus darkening its tint, they loss in the disgusting appearance the oil gives. It is a great deal better to keep it soft and glossy by proper care. Sandy locks can frequently be made to take on a rich golden tinge by keeping the scalp well cared for and vigorously brushing the hair.

Long drooping lashes are greatly desired by most ladies. Their growth will be stimulated by carefully trimming the ends every other day—a process that should be carefully performed, clipping but a hair's breadth from the ends. But the eyebrows must not be trimmed, as it makes them shaggy and uneven. There are numerous ointments that are said to possess the virtue of making the eyelashes grow, but their beneficial properties are very doubtful. And, moreover some of them are actually injurious to the eyes. If it is desired to prevent the tendency of the eyebrows to meet, the contact may be avoided by pulling out the hairs every morning regularly when the toilet is made. If they spread irregularly, pinch the hairs together where thickest. If the eyebrows are thin, the growth of the hairs may be made thicker by brushing and rubbing the brows every day with a fine brush.

The fine requisite for a clear, pleasing complexion is good health, though there may be good health without a fine complexion. But given this and a proper care of the face, and every woman may banish from her toilet table every sort of cosmetic. And sometimes, even when the general health is not of the best, the only unpleasing effect upon the complexion is that it will lack that healthful tone which forms one of the chief elements of beauty. However, there are few women who cannot possess, with the exercise of a little care and trouble, a complexion more beautiful and pleasing than any that can be got out of a box, and which will have the inestimable and vantage of being always ready for use in an emergency.

Faith is sometimes personified as a drenched female clinging to a sea-washed rock; but a better personification would be a bald-headed man buying a bottle of patent hair-restorer.

"Her father is a pirate?" Aw, ya-as." "Why, what are you talking about? Old Pinfeather is no pirate." "Why—aw—ya-as. He's a regular freebooter. That's the reason that I quit going to her house."

SUNBEAMS.

Hair'em-scare'em—Bangs.

Rued remarks—remarks that get you into trouble.

Can the music of a pet cat be said to be purr-pet-uall!

It must be an extravagant woman who "beggars description."

Why are the glories of Greece like iron?—Because they are o'er.

"A fare saved is a beer gained" remarked Smith, as he walked into town.

A Toronto man waited until he was eighty-three years old before he got married. That's like running three miles to get a good start for a fourteen-inch jump.

A jolly-looking Irishman was saluted with the remark, "Tim, your house is blown away." "'Deed, then, it isn't" he answered, "for I have the key in my pocket."

The director of a matrimonial agency in Paris says the young girls ask only, "Who is he?" the young widows, "What, is his position?" the old widows, "Where is he?"

First Railroad Man.—"How many children have you now?" Second R. M.—"Thirteen." First R. M.—"Goodness! I think it is about time you put on the heir brakes."

"Reuben," said Mrs. Parvenue to her husband, "why don't you send in your check for that there St. Bartholomew light house statute and get your name in the papers?"

The female heart is just like a new India-rubber shoe; you may pull and pull at it, till it stretches out a yard long, and then let it go and it will fly right back to its old shape.

German Professor.—"What a couple of bonnie little children, dear Baroness! Twins I suppose?" Baroness.—"You have guessed rightly," Professor.—"Are they both yours?"

When it once enters a man's head to have an ambition to be thought crafty, all other evils are necessary consequences. To deceive is the immediate endeavour of him who is proud of the capacity of doing it.

"Which had you rather hear, Beethoven or Wagner?" asked Miss Matilda Greenbottle, who is a musical celebrity, "Why, I'd rather hear one of Wagner's pauses all day long than to listen to Beethoven sing a single verse of 'Home Sweet Home.'"

"I never can enjoy poetry when I'm cooking," said an old lady who dropped in on us recently. "But when I step out to feed the hogs and hist myself on the fence, and throw my soul into a few lines of 'Cap'n Jenks,' it does seem as if this airth was made to live on after all."

A tailor whose bill had remained unpaid for some years called upon X., an impenitent Bohemian, and found him in bed at noon. "Why don't you work instead of sleeping?" said the tailor, "Time is money." "Ah, well, if time is money, I will pay you in time," answered X.

"No, marm," said the dealer. "I would like to give you a smaller pair, but to sell you anything below eights would render me liable under the statute for the prevention of cruelty to animals." He didn't sell her anything under eights or over it. Some women are so touchy about the size of their feet.

Brute.—"Well, Ethel, how did you make out?" Angel (under treatment for her voice).—"I didn't like it at all, and I don't see why the doctor finds it necessary to run an instrument down my throat so far that it seems as if he would touch my heart." Brute.—"Oh, he was probably trying to find the end of your tongue, my dear!"

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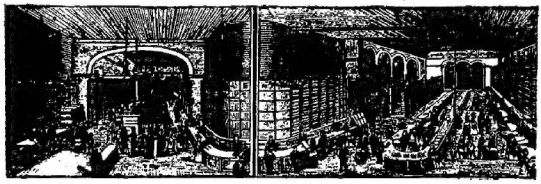

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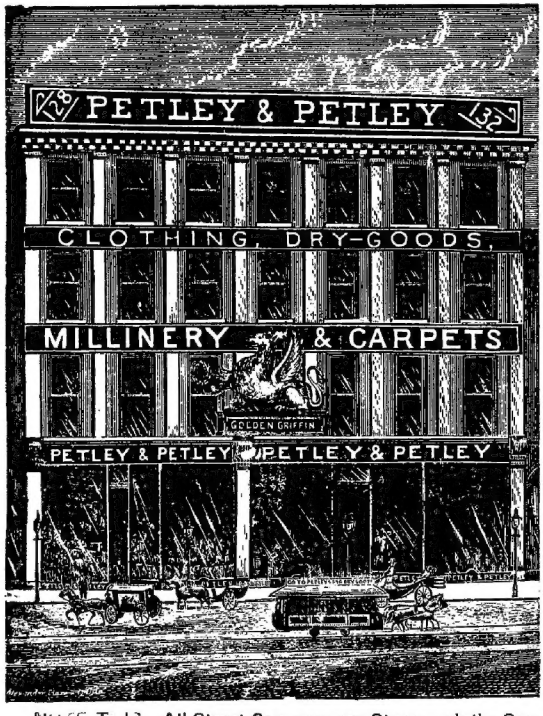

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